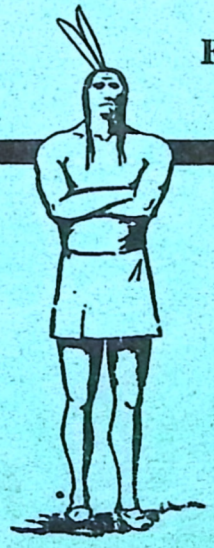
'A people that take no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered with pride by their descendants.'—*Macauley.*

FRONTIER TIMES

Frontier History, Border Tragedy, Pioneer Achievement



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FRONTIER TIMES

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT BANDERA, TEXAS

Devoted to Frontier History, Border Tragedy and Pioneer Achievement

Vol. 2—No. 12 SEPTEMBER, 1925. $1.50 Per Year

A Great Indian Raid in Young County

Written by John Warren Hunter, 1914.

For the following true and graphic account of the great Comanche raid down the valley of Elm Creek, near Ft. Belknap, Young county, in 1864, I am deeply indebted to my friend and neighbor, Mr. Walter F. Robinson, who resided in Ft. Belknap at the time of which I write, and who has a clear and vivid recollection of the stirring events which transpired during this early period of frontier history. At this writing, August, 1914, Mr. Robinson is a prominent citizen of San Angelo, where he has resided several years, and where he is known for all those high qualities that enter into the make-up of the model citizen and gentleman.

My father, Dr. W. H. Robinson, was an army surgeon and was stationed at old Ft Belknap before, during and long after the Civil War. I was about nine years old when the great raid was made on Elm Creek settlement in 1864, and although a mere lad, I knew nearly or quite all the settlers who lived in that section of the country. My father did about all the practice, as there was no other physician in all that region, and I often accompanied him on his professional visits; the settlers frequently came to our house, and by this means I came to know nearly all who lived in Young county at that time.

A company of soldiers under Captain White was stationed at Belknap, but nearly all these were away scouting in different directions when the great raid was made, leaving only a few men for the protection of the post. A small detail from this company was guarding and grazing a bunch of the company's horses out on Boggy Creek, near Elm; the Indians attacked these men, whipped them, and got all their horses.

Elm Creek settlement was about 12 miles west of Ft. Belknap, and the first news of the raid was brought into the post by a man by the name of Wooten—George Wooten—who reported that the Indians, 150 strong, were coming down Elm Creek, and killing and burning everything in sight. To all the old pioneers, Wooten was known as a man highly endowed with the gift of exaggeration, and his gruesome report served only to provoke a smile of incredulity until another report, substantiating Wooten's, came in. I shall always remember the ludicrous appearance Wooten presented when he dashed into the post. He lived alone on his place in the upper part of the valley, and when he discovered the Indians approaching his cabin he barely had time to seize his double-barrel shot gun and light out—afoot. A party of Indians left the main body and took in after him, and when they crowded him too close, he would stop, wheel around and throw his gun down on them, and at this they would fall back out of range of his gun. This was kept up until only two of the pursuers remained, and finally one of these, like the others, abandoned the chase and returned to the main body. The remaining Indian, more determined than the others, kept close at the heels of his fleeing enemy, who finally turned and cut down on him with his shot gun, literally riddling his carcass with buckshot. Without pausing to lift his scalp, Wooten mounted the fallen Indian's horse and rode the rest of the way into the post. When he came in almost breathless, he was nearly naked. In the race over the rocks and through the brush, he had lost his hat, shoes, pants,—everything except his shirt and drawers, and these were in strips and tatters.

A few miles out from Belknap was Fort Murray, which, in truth, was not a fort, but a rendezvous of comparative

safety in time of danger, a point where the settlers could rally for mutual protection. From the top of a building in Fort Murray, and with the aid of a field glass, Franz Peveler saw the Indians coming down Elm valley, and hastily mounting his horse, made all speed to Belknap to give the alarm and get help. He more than confirmed Wooten's report by saying that if there was one Indian, there were five hundred.

When the people at the post heard Peveler's story, they became greatly alarmed and began to prepare for a stout defense, as they expected an attack from this large body of Indians at any moment. In the post there was a large stone structure, erected by the government before the war for a commissary store, and in this building all the families about the post found refuge except old Bill Ratliff, who swore that he was not going to run, and that he would stay at home and defend his cabin or die in the attempt. Ratliff was an eccentric man, an old frontiersman, and had no sense of fear. When all had "forted up" in the rock building and began to count noses, it was found that there were not over twenty-five men to defend the place in case of an attack, but these were entirely confident of favorable results.

Doc Wilson lived at the extreme end of the settlement on the head of Elm Creek, and his place was the first to be attacked. When he discovered the Indians approaching in such large numbers, he rounded up his family and rushed them off to a dense thicket near by; then mounting a fleet horse that stood ready saddled he made all speed down the valley to warn the settlers of their danger. From house to house he sped, shouting "Indians! Indians! The Indians are coming; get in the brush!" He assisted the women and children who lived along his route to places of concealment and when this was accomplished he would break for the next ranch below. When he reached old George Bragg's house, a band of Indians had switched around and had attacked the place, and a brisk fight was in progress. Wilson knew that the main body was behind and almost at his heels, and with those in front, he found himself between two fires and quick decision was the main requisite. He boldly charged those in his front, dashed through them and reached the house without a scratch.

In and around this house was witnessed the severest fighting during that great raid. The building was a common picket house surrounded by a picket fence, and besides Mrs. Bragg and children, there were present as defenders, the husband, George Bragg, old man Hamby, Thornt Hamby and Doc Wilson, the latter, as before stated, arriving after the fight opened, and Sol Bragg, a negro boy about 18 years old, and possibly one or two others.

Immediately after the arrival of Wilson, the Indians being re-inforced by the main body, closed in around the house and the battle became exceedingly furious. Mrs. Bragg, greatly against her will was made to seek shelter with her children under a bed, that they might escape the flying missiles sent through the cracks of the picket house. Old man Hamby, while "clearing the deck" for freer action, seized the spinning wheel and was in the act of throwing it out, seeing which Mrs. Bragg sprang from under the bed and gave him a piece of her mind. "Put that wheel down, and if you lay hands on it again, I'll make you think the Injuns have done got you! And look at them rolls; you-ve already just about ruint them!" This was the brave woman's warning to one of her defenders delivered while the arrows were flying thick and fast around her, but in those days the loss of the spinning wheel and the carded woolen rolls meant scant clothing if not entire nudity for the family. Above the storm of battle Mr. Hamby shouted back: "In the name of heaven, woman, get back under that bed; you may never have need of a spinning wheel again!" But she made him agree to leave that wheel alone before she consented to take her place under the bed.

The fight continued with savage fury, the Indians closing in around the house and shooting through every crack and cranny. A bullet struck Wilson squarely in the forehead and he fell dead. An arrow struck old man Bragg in the breast and he rolled over, as he believed, with a fatal wound. A large Indian, supposed to be the chief, seized a mattock that was lying in the yard nnd get-

ting close up under the wall set about to dig up the pickets. Thornt Hamby's attention was called to this big Indian's movement, and whose operations were confined to a point outside the wall, opposite and almost beneath the bed under which Mrs. Bragg and the children had taken refuge. Mr. Hamby mounted this bed, pushed his pistol through an opening between two pickets and with the muzzle within a few feet of the savage chief's head, pulled the trigger and the Indian fell a dead corpse. His braves made a rush to recover his body, but the determined and well directed fire from within drove them back with additional loss, and the battle of Bragg's ranch was at an end.

I have stated that old man Bragg was struck in the breast with an arrow and believed himself mortally wounded. The arrow sank deep into the flesh and after the fight the shaft was withdrawn with some difficulty by those present, leaving the spike imbedded somewhere in his body. Late that evening a runner came post haste to Belknap, calling my father, Dr. Robinson, to go out and administer to the wounded, but owing to the lateness of the hour and the danger of Indians along the route, he did not go until the following morning. Mr. Bragg was a very large, corpulent man and when father reached his bedside he found him in great distress of body and mind. The disconsolate patient knew the arrow had passed through his body. He could feel the spike pressing against his backbone. He was going to die—bound to die—unless that spike could be removed, and he did not believe he could survive the operation. Father called for the shaft that had been removed from the wound, and after some little search, the negro, Sol, came and said: "Heah am dat switch, doctah. Dis am de arrer dem Injines shot ole mastah wid." Father found it to be a dogwood switch, considerably curved, and this curve was sufficient for his experienced eye. A careful examination revealed the fact that on striking the breast bone the shaft had glanced, following the course of a rib to the back, where the spike was located just under the skin between the shoulder blades. Father ordered a blanket spread out upon the floor and on this he made the old man lie flat on his face, and making an incision in flesh, he removed the spike in less time than it takes to tell. Those who were present indulged afterwards in a great deal of good humor and exaggeration while relating the particulars of this operation. They said a large man sat on Mr. Bragg's legs, another sat on his neck, while two other stalwarts held his hands and arms during the ordeal and that he cussed and swore with a force and volubility that was simply awful. Mr. Bragg recovered

My attention has been called of recent years to a work on frontier life written by some one who, while giving what purported to be an account of this Elm Creek raid and the fight at Bragg's, says that the negro, Sol, was killed in that engagement. This is an error. Sol Bragg was not hurt in that battle, although he fought manfully with the others who were defending the house. Some years afterwards he was tried on a charge of murder, convicted and hanged at Fort Worth. I witnessed the execution—the first legal hanging ever had there.

I have forgotten whether it was before or after the fight at Bragg's that the Indians made an attack on Mose Johnson ranch these savages found only not, since it does not disturb the thread of this narrative. And it may be proper to say here that when this raid was made nearly all the men whose homes were on Elm Creek were on the range engaged in a general stock round-up and this accounts for the weak resistance offered the Indians. At the Mose Johnson ranch these savagee found only the women and children at home. Mrs. Fitzpatrick, an elderly lady, her son, Joe, who was then about twelve years old, and two granddaughters, who were quite small, were made prisoners. The mother of these two little girls, Mrs. Durgan, refused to yield to the Indians,, but fought them with the desperation of a tigress in defense of her young, and was killed and scalped. Negro Brit Johnson's wife and two or three children were carried away captives. A few days later, and while on the retreat, Joe Fitzpatrick became too ill to travel further and was murdered and scalped in the presence of his mother. Joe had been my classmate in school at Fort Belknap.

When, in his mad race down the valley warning the settlers of the approach of the Indians, Doc Wilson reached the Henry Williams place and gave the alarm, Mrs. Williams and some others whose names I do not recall, gathered their children about them and fled to a cavernous place of concealment under a bluff on the opposite side of the creek. With a child under each arm, Mrs. Williams led the way by the nearest route, not taking time to follow the trail that led to the bluff. Coming to the creek she leaped off the bluff several feet in height and alighting in water that reached to her armpits, she and her little group had barely time to enter the place of shelter before the Indians came up. Fearing that there were armed men in that cavern, and not daring to approach the entrance, the savages gathered on the shelving rocks overhead and with their limited vocabulary of bad English, surged those underneath and dared them to come out and fight like men. They remained but a short space, however, continuing their raid down the alley.

A remarkable feature that characterized these escapes on that memorable day was that not a child, large or small, in any of the families that found concealment from the Indians, made the least outcry, although in several instances sorely wounded with briars, thorns and contusions from contact with stones, and their feet torn and lacerated while fleeing to a place of safety. In the language of Mrs. Williams, "Not a child whimpered."

The last effort made by the Indians on this raid was against Fort Murray. Having received warning of their appearance in the valley, the people of this little stronghold had made preparations for a stout resistance. An ample supply of water had been carried in, wagons and other appliances had been requisitioned to strengthen their barricade, and when the Indians came up and noted the strength of the position, they withdrew without firing a gun. The writer before referred to says they killed and captured all that were in Fort Murray—another of his many errors.

A few days before this Indian raid old Uncle Henry Williams started with a load of grain and wool to Dr. Wood's mill, which was eight miles from Fort Worth in Tarrant county. Five yoke of oxen drew this load in which all the neighbors around Belknap had an interest, more or less In other words, Uncle Henry was going to mill for the whole settlement. At this mill a wool-carding machine was operated and as homespun clothing was the only raiment to be had in those days, except the skins of wild animals, this carding factory was a blessing to the people and was patronized from far and near.

When the Indians made this raid, they swept everything that came within their reach. In the houses and cabins they left nothing. Every rag of clothing was appropriated; beds and pillows were ripped open, their contents thrown to the winds, provisions destroyed or carried away, the livestock driven off or killed. In fact the savages left in the wake a scene of desolation and when they had retired from the valley the stricken families emerged from their hiding places and beheld their ruined homes, they could only look to their more fortunate friends and neighbors in Fort Belknap for food and shelter. In a brief time all these afflicted and destitute people were gathered in the post, finding shelter in the lowly cabins and sharing the homely crust with our people. In those days, however crowded the pioneer home with wayfaring guests, there was always room for one more, and the balm of a broad, open hospitality awaited the unfortunate.

Uncle Henry Williams' family found welcome shelter under my father's roof and while there was no great scarcity of food—for meat was plentiful—there was a woeful dearth of clothing. When these refugees, these women and children, fled from their homes and sought refuge in caves and thickets, they wore only their common, everyday raiment, which in nearly every instance was of the lightest material and limited to a very few garments, and this was all that was left them by the murderous Comanches. I shall always remember the antics staged by B. Williams, the young son of Uncle Henry Williams, when he recovered his shirt. The Indians had robbed their house, taking or destroying everything, and somewhere along the route after leaving the place they dropped B's shirt, which was found later and restored to its lawful owner. No boy of this genera-

tion could be more overjoyed over the acquisition of the finest tailor-made suit than was that poor frontier lad when he recovered his shirt—the only garment he had, and he was the only boy in the post that had a shirt.

In due time Uncle Henry Williams returned from the mill with his cargo of breadstuffs and woolen rolls, and his coming proved a godsend to his afflicted neighbors. Hand looms and spinning wheels were not numerous on the frontier in those days, and those found in the homes on Elm Creek had been broken and destroyed by the Indians in their raid, none escaping destruction save that of brave Mother Bragg, but there were a few looms and spinning wheels in and around the post, and the women of that day and time knew how to operate them. To know how to card, spin, weave and sew was the most important part of a girl's education, and the boys in the family, where there were more brothers than sisters, were very often trained in these useful arts. There were no markets; the people had no money, therefore, they had to make their own clotthes, or go without rainment.

When Uncle Henry arrived with those great sacks of woolen rolls every loom and spinning wheel in Belknap was set in motion and kept going day and night for weeks. Not for one moment were they allowed to remain idle, Sundays not excepted. The women organized and relays were so arranged that while some slept others took their places, and at all hours the whirr of the spinning wheel and the slam-slam of the old-fashioned handloom made musical accompaniment to the homely songs of these hardy frontier women, since sing they would, however perilous their environments. Even the boys were assigned their tasks and had to faithfully perform their duties. There was work for all and no one was allowed to shirk. Besides the spinning of the woolen rolls, there were the "reel" and the "winding blades," the winding of the warp on the ponderous loom beam, the slow and tedious task of passing the same warp through the sley, and a hundred other items of labor that boys and girls could perform. All these particulars are familiar to the pioneer mothers who yet survive to tell their grandchildren of the toils and hardships endured by these heroic people while laying the foundation of an empire state. And in connection herewith I want to say that no electric bulb, no ornate glass lamp, lit up those rude cabins at night while busy hands plied wheel and loom. A small vessel—a saucer, a dinner plate, oftimes an earthen cup rudely fashioned from common clay—formed a "grease lamp." This receptacle was supplied with lard or tallow and a wick, usually the twisted strip of an old cotton rag, immersed in the grease and one end lighted, and by this rude, flickering light those brave Belknap women toiled at their looms and wheels through the long nights while husbands and fathers made their silent rounds on the outskirts of the post. And when the web was removed from the loom, it was spread upon the table or the floor, and oftimes on the bare ground; the garment without pattern or tape measure, was "cut out"—a pair of pants for father, a jacket for "Bill," a dress for mother, or a skirt for "Jane." Those most needy were served first—the great puzzle being which bof the family was in greatest need—and when the pattern came from the scissors deft and willing fingers plied the needle and a few hours later some one was made to rejoice in the ownership of a new garment. Shoes? The men dressed deer hides and made moccasins.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick, the lady captured by the Indians during this raid, had been afflicted with epilepsy—or as commonly stated in those days, she "had fits." My father often treated her, but with little effect, and he came to regard her case as being incurable. While in captivity, and during a season of extremely cold weather, Mrs. Fitzpatrick "had a fit." The Indians rolled her in the snow until life was nearly extinct, after which they forced her to swallow copious draughts of a most villainous concoction which the squaws and their medecine men had brewed from roots and herbs. She was next swathed in blankets and buffalo robes where, as she afterwards said, she thought she would "sweat to death." She was afterwards rescued, returned to her people and lived for many years. She never had another attack of epilepsy—the Indians had cured her.

I do not remember the number of settlers killed in this raid, but the list was quite lengthy and the loss of these citizens and the destruction wrought in the homes of settlers on Elm Creek so impoverished the people that it required several years' effort to recover from the effects of the raid. These depredations continued several years after the war between the States and many a brave frontiersman lost his life at the hands of those prowling savages. I remember well the murder of State Cox by the Indians. I saw his remains brought into Belknap and attended his funeral. Mr. Cox, Frank and Perry Harrison and Bill Peveler were some ten or twelve miles below Belknap on a cow-hunt near Flat Springs. A large party of Indians saw them approaching and lay in wait in the brush for their coming. While yet in the prairie, the boys discovered the Indians and the latter finding their presence was known, raised a yell and charged. The boys dismounted and put up a stout fight, but finding themselves almost surrounded and so largely outnumbered, and after having killed several of the enemy, they remounted and fled. In his haste to remount and under the excitement of the moment, Cox failed to take up his lariat and as a consequence his rope was allowed to drag as he ran. An Indian sped alongside, reached down and seized the rope, thus bringing the horse to a standstill, and Cox was killed. Peveler and the Harrison boys being well mounted made their escape. As Peveler was in the act of mounting to get away, an arrow pierced the back of his neck, and penetrated his throat to the extent that he could not swallow. When he reached home father was called in, and a brief diagnosis revealed the fact that the arrow head, or spike, when the shaft was withdrawn, had remained partially imbedded in the neck bone, the rear or larger end of the missile pressing against the esophagus. Father had no forceps with him at the time with which to extract the spike, but there was a small forge and a few blacksmith's tools on the ranch; an unskilled worker in iron chanced to be present and father stood by and showed his smithy how to make a pair of pincers. The instrument was rudely fashioned, but it answered the purpose for which it was intended, and the spike was removed. Later blood poisoning set up and the patient died. I yet have that pair of forceps which I treasure highly as a memento of my venerated father and his practice under so many difficulties during those early times on the frontier

I cannot close this narrative without offering a brief sketch of Brit Johnson, one of the bravest and most remarkable negroes ever known on the border. I knew Brit quite well and have often heard him recount many of his adventures on the frontier. He was not a coal black, but more of a copper color, tall, lithe, active and possessed of wonderful powers of endurance and physical strength. In deportment, he was humble and respectful to his superiors and was never given to boasting, even after he had won local renown as a scout trailer and Indian fighter. He was owned by Mose Johnson, who reposed the utmost confidence in his loyalty and honesty; in fact, Brit was only a slave in name and such was the humane master's affection for his slave that he permitted Brit and his wife to own property in their own name and when the brave negro gave up his life fighting for home and country, he owned a nice little ranch and a very good stock of cattle and horses. Brit was a resourseful negro, and when he and his master returned from the roundup after the Elm Creek raid and found the ranch desolate and their families butchered or carried away into hopeless captivity, Brit began to lay plans for the rescue of those who had been carried off. In earlier days he had spent much time around and in the Indian reservation on the upper Brazos before the Indians had been removed to the Indian territory, knew many of the Comanche warriors and chiefs and had learned sufficient of their dialect to enable him to converse with them on ordinary topics. Now his plan was to first locate the captives and then rescue them at any hazard. He knew the Indian's greed for horses, and if he could ascertain the location of the particular band that held his family and friends, he could probably ransom them with horses, and although horses were comparatively scarce around Belknap since the raid, yet, he was satisfied that ranchmen in other sections would con-

tribute liberally of their stock. It was the custom and the spirit of the times.

The following spring Brit set out to locate his people. He visited every fort in the Indian Territory without avail. He counseled with Indian agents, interviewed traders and made inquiry among the Indians, but all in vain. He returned weary, disappointed, but not discouraged. In the early fall, 1865, he started out again, mounted on a fine black horse.

He led a pack horse and carried a small stock of beads, small hand mirrors, brass jewelry and other gewgaws to catch the Indian fancy. Alone he set forth to explore the then almost unknown regions of the Panhandle and Northeastern New Mexico. Far out on the Canadian he discovered a trail that led to an Indian encampment at a large spring. Brit boldly entered this encampment rigged out in feathers and fantastic costume, proclaimed himself as being a great chief, and setting forth that he had been to see the great white chief at Austin, where he exchanged white captives for money and goods and that he was in search of other captives that might be held by other tribes in order that he might buy them and sell them at a good price to the white people. Those Indians received him as became the station of a friendly chief, but could give him no information as to captives being held by other tribes. However they told him of the location of a large Comanche village several days' travel towards the northwest, and thither he determined to go. On leave-taking he distributed a few trinkets among his new friends, who proved to be a band of Mescalero Apaches, and set out alone for the Comanche village. When within a day's journey of this village, from a high peak, he discovered three Indians in the valley below. These had already discovered him, and when he approached them he found that they were Comanches and one of them recognized him, having known him while the Comanches were on the reservation at Belknap before the war. After this recognition, Brit found iit necessary to change his tactics. He could no longer play the role of a mighty chief. He told these three Indians candidly his business—that he was searching for his wife and children, and that he was tired of the society of the arrogant white man and wanted to join the Comanches and become a member of their tribe. He was taken to the village, where he was kindly received. His stock of trinkets aided him wonderfully in disarming suspicion, his wife and children were brought in and restored to him, and he was adopted into the tribe. He remained with this band until late in the following summer, during which time he succeeded in winning their confidence and ingratiating himself as a warrior who was worthy of implicit reliance. The hunting season arrived and the tribe scattered in small bands for the annual fall hunt. Brit was allowed to accompany one of these bands, taking his family and one of the captive girls—Miss Durgan—with the party. Fortunately for Brit, this band went southeast and established their camp in the Tule Canyon not a great distance from where the town of Tulia, Swisher county, now stands. Brit was on the alert. He knew that Fort Belknap could be reached in a few days' travel and after carefully laying his plans he stole forth one night with his family and Miss Durgan, mounted them on swift horses—the fleetest of the herd—and finally reached home. He told us afterwards that he had no regrets on leaving the Indians but he did hate to have to hamstring all their best horses the night he left.

The Indians treasured in memory what they regarded as a piece of base, malignant treachery on the part of Brit. In January, 1871, he was surrounded on an open prairie by a large force of Comanches and killed. There are conflicting reports touching the tragic end of this heroic negro. One version—and probably as reliable as any other—is to the effect that while returning from Weatherford with the wagons loaded with supplies Brit and two other colored men camped on Salt Creek. Another wagon train was camped about a mile west of them on the same road they were traveling. Early next morning this train was attacked by a large party of Indians, and the teamsters fled and sought shelter in the brush, and from their places of concealment witnessed the attack on Brit's wagon. The two men who accompanied Brit were killed at the first on-set, but it was some time

before Brit went down, and not until he had killed a large number of the enemy. It is said that he killed his horse, made a breastwork of his body and fought to the last. One hundred and seventy empty cartridge shells were found where his mutilated body lay beside that of his intelligent and faithful horse. The remains of Brit and his two companions were buried on the roadside near where they fell.

The Elm Creek raid occurred october 13, 1864, and according to the best authorities there were killed Doc (T. J.) Wilson, Joel Meyers, James McCoy and Brit's son—Jim—and five others whose names I have forgotten. To this number may be added Joe Fitzpatrick, who was murdered after having been captured. I would add that it was through Brit's untiring efforts that Mrs. Fitzpatrick and two captive children that had been stolen by Indians in Wise county were ransomed and restored to their people. The ransom for these three was paid in horses contributed by ranchmen, and I should further state that these captives were found and released before Brit made his last trip in search of his family.

A Drink of Mexican Brandy

Cattle Clatter, in San Antonio Express, June 29, 1825

Contrary to the conceptions of the North and East, there are any plenty of cowboys that never drink liquor to excess. The pioneer is not always a man that "takes it red" and lots of it. In the old days there was many a time when a pair of hightop boots and leather "chaps" that swaggered into a saloon, and swaggered out entirely sober. All of which leads up to a story told by Amasa Clark of Bandera about a drink of brandy he took into his system once upon a time. Now, Amasa Clark, who on yesterday lacked just 62 days of being 100 years old and celebrated the day by attending the Pioneer Freighters' reunion in San Pedro Park, was in the City of Mexico at this particular time, doing duty as a private in the army of Gen. Scott, more than 75 years ago. Amasa said yesterday that he had taken several small nips of liquor—this was after the American army took the City of Mexico—and had not yet experienced any real thrill from it, speaking of the certain drink he had in mind. This time he took a real big snort of brandy, a real snort, heaping up the glass, as it were, just wondering, as a lad may, as to what it feels like to take on a small jag. Within a few seconds after taking the drink, and he was crossing the street, he felt a shudder run through his frame. "Ah ha," he said to himself, "I'm getting a kick out of this one!" Then another violent tremor ran through him, enough to frighten him. He'd never heard anybody describe such symptoms as that! The whole world seemed to tremble next, and it occurred to him that he must have got some awfully, awfully strong brandy! He would just run on across the street, a matter of 10 or 15 more feet, and up the steps to the quarters and get in touch with other specimens of humanity. Somehow or other he felt like he wanted to be around people. As he got inside the building he felt another terrific outburst, and there and then made up his mind that brandy was a dangerous enemy of mankind! Then he became aware of several people running out of the building and into the street. He followed in a panic, and swearing off brandy and other strong liquors, as he went. Once in the street he found plenty of company, and as he looked up and down the street, he saw scores of people, all apparently with one mind, that of getting into the middle of the street. The brandy (?) took another swipe at him and he wheeled around and around, and made some headway at rising into the air part of the time! Then it all ceased, the people went their respective ways, and all was serene, save that he heard one person remark to another, "These earthquakes sure make you feel funny!" Mr. Clark says there isn't any moral to the story, only that he never has from that day to this had very much confidence in liquor.

Capt. Moore's Rangers on the Scout

J. A. Gibbens, 810 Lewis Street, San Antonio, Texas.

In the early 70's while Captain Moore's company of rangers were camped on Bear Creek, twenty miles from Junction City on the Fort McKavett road, a runner came and notified us of the killing of Mr. Kountz and two girls in the edge of the town of Junction. The messenger arrived at our camp about 11 o'clock at night, and Captain Moore immediately detailed twenty-five men to go with him on the trail. I was one of the number. It was a cold, cloudy night, but Texas rangers never stood back on account of the weather. We reached Junction City at daybreak the next morning, found the trail of the Indians, and followed it some distance, when it seemed to get dim. Captain Moore selected Talt Lane, Mart Fannin and Jerry Roberts as trailers, and we pushed on as fast as possible. We followed the Indians from Monday morning until Thursday morning before we could find sufficient sign to enable us to make any headway towards overtaking them. While we were standing still resiting our horses for a few minutes we saw Mart. (Bud) Fannin throw up his hat and motion us to come on. When the command came up to him we found a dead horse which the Indians had killed for food. From there on the trail was not difficult to follow, and it led us to a high mountain ridge and down into a canyon. In this canyon we found a fire on which some meat was roasting. This meat looked very tempting to our party of hungry rangers, our rations being hard tack, bacon and black coffee twice daily, but Captain Moore decided it was "bait!" put by the Indians purposely for us, and cautioned us to leave it alone, which we did. A pool of water was close by on which ice was two inches thick, and in places this ice was broken, showing that the redskins had but recently replenished their water supply. From there on the trail could be followed more rapidly for about two miles. We left this canyon which was one of the draws of Little Devil's River, which emptied into the Llano river. We reached a ridge which was so rough our trailers could not pick up the trail. The grass being about twelve inches high made it difficult for them to find it readily. From where we found the "barbecued" meat the trail took a different course and we were sure the Indians' spies were watching us as we hurried along, and we were satisfied they were bent on making their getaway, and they succeeded in doing so. After getting out of the rough region the Indians pulled for the head of Johnson Fork of the Guadalupe River. We were not very far behind them, and the excitement increased. When we topped the first ridge we came upon a poor horse standing with his throat lanced and bleeding to death. We pushed forward as fast as our pack animals could travel, and the next ridge brought us to another poor horse dead on the trail. By this time our pack mules were tired and Captain Moore would have to stop and wait for them to catch up. Corporal Holland suggested that four men be left with him to bring the pack animals on while the rest of the command rush on after the Indians, but Captain Moore did not think it a wise policy, and therefore those pack animals kept us from overtaking and chastising those bloodthirsty red devils. We could easily trail them by the dead animals they left behind. From 4 o'clock Thursday evening until dark we passed fourteen horses on the trail, and the first one we came to was the only one we found alive. We were so close to the Indians at times that when we came up to a dead horse we would find the sweat had not dried on him. We ran them as long as we could see and camped that Thursday night. We were in the saddle again very early the next morning, but we had missed our opportunity the evening before. The Indians got into the cedar brakes and got away. On Sunday morning, just one week from the time we started, Captain Moore turned the command back towards Junction City, where we arrived a sadly disappointed crowd of rangers.

I was present at Junction City when the first term of court was held there, and remember quite well how Judge

Blackburn opened court under a great oak tree. What a time we had!

The Texas ranger's life was not all peaches and cream, for most of the time our fare was course, just hard tack, bacon and black coffee, and with hard riding and scouting in all kinds of weather, sleeping on the ground when we slept at all, battling with the savage red man and outlaws of white color, we performed our duty well. Only a few of the old Texas rangers remain, of the Old Guard, and I hope they are spending their twilight in comfort and luxury for they deserve to enjoy some comfort as a reward for the services they performed in the making of our grand old Texas.

Eighty Years in Texas

Dallas Times-Herald.

Here is a pioneer Texas woman who is very much opposed to the present-day customs of her sex. She is Mrs. Mary Morton Bumpas (Aunt "Mort"), 88 years old, of 902 Peach street, Fort Worth.

"The women don't have enough to do these days; that is the only thing that is the matter with them," she says. "And do you know, the young girls actually ask boys to take them places and buy things for them. I like these times, but if I had to live over again I would prefer those good old happy times of my girlhood."

"Children minded better those days, but they are spoiled now. And there was not as many bad men and women."

Born in 1837 in Kentucky, Mrs. Bumpas came to Dallas with her parents when a small child in 1845. Soon after their arrival in this city her father bought a tract of land from Captain Gilbert, now known as Kessler park. At the time of their arrival here the only house on the Trinity river here was John Neely Bryan's cabin.

Mrs. Bumpas relates an interesting account of her trip to Texas.

"My father decided to take land in Pater's colony, and we left home in Kentucky more than eighty-two years ago. We lived in Nelson county, Kentucky, and had to go in wagons to Louisville. There we ferried across the river, taking a boat from the other side and going to New Orleans. After arriving in that city we came back up the Red river to Coffey's bend, then went in wagons to Clarksville."

"We had to stay in Clarksville more than two years because the Indians were so bad. The rangers had to come from Clarksville and drive them back to the nation. I remember the night before they left, the people gave them a big supper and dance at the Masonic hall."

"After the Indians were driven out, my father, William Coombes, with his family, old Grandma Leonard, Uncle Jack Coe, the Dooleys and the Wrights, all came at the same time. We traveled in oxcarts. My father had two; a big wagon drawn by two ox teams and a little cart drawn by one team.

"When we arrived at the east fork of the river, one of the hardest rainstorms that I ever witnessed started. It rained all afternoon. The rest of the folks crossed the river that afternoon, but we stopped on the other side. The next morning the river had risen out of its banks so that we could not ford it and were compelled to camp there a week before renewing the journey."

"While we were camping there my brother, Green Coombes, killed a bear. We had to unload the little oxcart to haul the bear to camp. Green was so excited that he threw things in every direction. When we arrived at Dallas there wasn't any town—only the cabin of John Neely Bryan."

"We crossed the river there on a raft made of logs pinned together with wooden pins, and went on to what is now West Dallas. My father bought a claim from Captain Gilbert; the land now is called Kessler park. There was a great big house on it. It was eighteen or twenty feet square, built of cedar poles with a clapboard roof."

"I do not like to ride behind oxen. Give me the horse team every time. Oxen have no lines to drive them with and

when they take a notion they run away. One of the teams in our wagon train ran away, overturned the wagon, and killed a little Dooley child."

"But we had to use oxen. The Indians would not let us keep horses. They stole horses as fast as we would get them. The wolves would carry off our pigs. The only way that we could save them was to lock them in a shed every night. You could hear the wolves howling all night. There was all kinds of game in the vicinity of Dallas then including buffalo, deer, bear, panthers, bob cats, wolves and many other animals.

"Wild plums, pecans and lots of grapes were plentiful. I used to eat winter grapes for colds. My mother was a doctor. She studied medicine, and brought all her herbs with her. Whenever anyone of the troop became ill she was always summoned.

"When we first arrived here, the Cherokee Indians came down our way every year on their summer hunt. They had gotten their hides and dried meat for winter when the Comanche Indians came in and took it away from them and stole their horses. My father took an oxcart and moved their things to our house, and gave them food until the men could go back to the nation and bring more horses.

"The Indians never forgot that kindness we gave them. Each year they would camp by our place, giving us enough dried meat for the winter. If the Comanche Indians bothered us they would help us drive them away. I used to watch the squaws at work with their papooses strapped to their backs.

"Folks in those days were real friends. During the Civil war I had a spell of typhoid-pneumonia, and old man McAdams and his wife took me and my three children to their home and cared for us. He hired the threshers and fed them on my place, and never charged me a cent. That's the way everyone did."

BIGFOOT WALLACE ROMANTIC FIGURE IN EARLY TEXAS.

Visitors in Austin give but a passing glance to a mound in the State cemetery where rests "Big Foot" Wallace, one of the most romantic figures in the history of Texas, whose exploits have furnished many iinteresting chapters.

Wallace, whose real surname seems lost in antiquity, got his sobriquet in a curious way. Unofficial history attributes the story to "Seco" Smith, now a resident of Bandera County near Medina. "Seco" was so named to distinguish him from other Smiths, "Hondo" and "Frio," who each lived on a river in the Bandera county region.

"Seco" claims he was told the tale by one, Colonel Duram, then a member of Jack Hay's company of rangers.

From this account it appears that when the company was encamped at San Pedro Springs in 1845, Hays gave Wallace and about a dozen other of his men permission to take a short vacation on the Guadalupe river near New Braunfels, where the men planned to hunt and scout for a brief period. The men were hardy pioneers and had been engaged in fighting the Indians, and the story goes, relaxed vigilance.

One night the Indians came and drove off the horses while the rangers slept. They were forty miles from San Antonio with all their camp equippage and saddles and no way to transport their paraphernalia. Finally they built a raft of logs, loaded their equipment, and started down the river. Wallace and a companion steered the raft while the others walked along the bank of the stream. While floating through a swift channel, the raft was upset and all the freight lost, including Wallace's shoes. Wallace and his companion swam to shore and joined the others.

Wallace tramped until his feet were sore and then his friends took turns in carrying him. Finally they ran onto a bunch of wild cattle and shot a steer. With the hide they fashioned rude moccasins for Wallace, who was able to get along very well until the party reached New Braunfels, a German community. The Germans eyed Wallace's foot coverings with interest and called him "gross fos," which translated means "big foot." This appellation was adopted by his companions and thus became inseparably linked with his name.

Wallace once owned a grant of land in Bandera county near Medina. Wallace Creek was named for him, as was the town of Big Foot in Frio county.

The Quaint Old Town of Castroville

Samuel E. Gideon, Associate Professor of Architecture, University of Texas.

It is most fitting, at this time. to do honor to the memory of Henri de Castro, the founder of the town of Castroville, a little French town in Medina County, on the banks of the Medina River, about twenty miles from San Antonio. The town is reached by stage, and when I announced to the driver that Castroville was my destination and that I desired to ride with him on his return trip, he, and the other occupants of the stage, expressed their great concern over my having to spend the entire day in such a desolate place. This, unfortunately, is the attitude of most people who drive frantically through the picturesque town with San Antonio, or Uvalde, as objectives.

To the shame of Castroville, she does not even know she is eighty years old. There are none of the original settlers left, and the older people whom I interviewed were so at variance with historical dates and facts that I had to resort to the State's Archive for most of my information.

Henri de Castro, an intellectual and cultured Frenchman, made a contract with President Houston, January 15, 1842, for the settling of a colony to be located west of the Medina River, the eastern boundary being four miles west of the river which would cut the colony off from that beautiful stream, but Castro purchased the river bordered land from private parties, and it, thereby, became the eastern boundary. The contract was to continue for five years, and at the same time President Houston appointed Castro Texan Consul General to France.

Castro was beset with obstacles from the very outset. On the occasion of a hurried visit to France—even though he did great service in aiding General James Hamilton, the Texan Minister, in making the cause of Texas popular in France—the French Government discouraged his Texas colonization scheme because she was making great efforts toward colonization in her Algerian territory. Nevertheless, on November 13, 1842, he sent the ship Ebro from the Port of Havre with 113 emigrants bound for Texas.

In 1842 and 1843, Castro chartered at his own expense, seven different ships, bringing over 700 immigrants. Christmas, 1844, he was granted an extension of three years to his original five-year contract. All told he used thirty-seven ships to transport 5,000 immigrants, mostly from the Rhenish provinces, among whom were farmers and fruit growers, all hard-working, peace-loving people.

On September 3, 1844, the first band of immigrants arrived on the present site and by unanimous acclamation named it Castroville. The intrepid Castro deserves much credit for his venture. It was a bold step and far more hazardous than earlier colonists experienced, since the Indians, once peaceful, now knew the use of firearms and the little settlement was exposed on all sides to not only the hostilities of the savages but to the depredations of bandit and guerilla Mexicans over a wide territory. In one immigrant train a wagon was burned, the American driver killed several Indians, but a French youth of 19 was decapitated and his head nailed to a tree. The wagon contained much gold and silver, the latter was found melted but the gold was only discolored.

Shortly after the organization of the colony, Mr. Castro was compelled to pay a visit to France. On November 25, 1844, the assembled heads of fifty-three families listened to his farewell address and presented him with the following memorial: "We take pleasure in acknowledging that since the first of September—the date which we signed the process verbal of taking possession—you have treated us like a liberal and kind father—Our best wishes accompany you on your voyage and we take this occasion to express to you our ardent desire to see you return soon among us, to continue to us your paternal protection." The memorial was signed by Leopold Mentrier, J. H. Burgeois, Jean Baptiste Lecompte, Joseph Weber, Michael Simon and forty-eight others.

The first church built in Castroville

still stands in the convent yard of the oblate fathers. John M. Odin, the first Catholic bishop of Texas, with Col. John C. Hays. Col. George T. Howard, John James, the surveyor, and others, visited Castroville, welcomed the new settlers, and Bishop Odin laid and blessed the corner stone of the church. showing the character of these Christian immigrants. It is worthy of note that they erected their substantial house of God before they built their individual shelters for their families.

The first house erected was a community house over eighty feet, in length and built of huge pickets. In the absence of nails and leather thongs, the roof timbers were tied together with Spanish dagger blades and the roof coverings was thatch.

I talked to the oldest people in the town. all of whom were about 80 years old, though you would not think it from their looks, their hearing, their speech (they all speak excellent English,) their alertness and activity, all of which would indicate people much younger.

There is a certain definable something about them unlike their more stolid Teuton neighboring settlers. When I entered the general store, which. by the way, is the modern community center (the old community house is long destroyed) I recognized something familiar in the strange language—some of the words were German. the intonation was not unlike that of the peasants on the borderland between Italy and Switzerland, and upon inquiry, I was told it was the spoken language, "Alsatian." though Spanish. French, German and English are also spoken. The population now is largely Alsatian with a mixture of German, Irish and Mexican. The French, who originally came, sold out their town places to incoming Alsatians and moved to the country. Names on monuments in the old cemetery, of which I shall have more to say farther on. bear evidence of the town's French origin, to-wit, such names as Dubuis. Olliver, Bourquin, Monier, Geant, Haby. Christilles, Tondre, Pingenot. Merian, Simon, Gully, Droitcourt, Lamon, Tardieu. Tarde (which is a corruption of the former.) Bendele and many others.

Mme. Wernette died recently at the ripe old age of 88. Mrs. Golaff, was the first white baby born in Castroville She is near 80, but still quite active. She told me that her father, Michael Simon, came over with the first colony of eight immigrant families from France. I found Eugene Halbardier extremely interesting—his parents came with Castro in the first group of settlers and he was born April 1, 1848.

He told me about the "community house" in "September square." so called in honor of the founding day. The community house now is only a memory. but the weed-covered "square" is flanked on four sides by substantial buildings. the reminders of better days. He told me of the hardships of the settlers—how they walked to San Antonio for provisions. He told me also that the reasons for the town's backwardness and decreasing population were due to the suspicions of the residents concerning innovations. Fleeced by prospectors. unscruplous lawyers and unsatisfactory transactions with prospective railroads, they were always on the lookout for a crooked deal. On one occasion he gave a contemplated right of way, twelve days of hard labor for which he, like many others, received no pay, and the railroad went seven miles to the south. Halbardier and his wife were blessed with ten children, seven boys and three girls, all living except Mme. Halbardier, who passed away several weeks ago. A short while before that the couple celebrated their golden wedding anniversary.

The population is largely Catholic, the adherents of that faith being mostly in the town while the Protestants are mostly to the south on farms. The convent Lady of the Lake of San Antonio was formerly in Castroville and the Oblate Fathers,formerly of San Antonio now have their training school for young priests in Castroville.

The convent occupies a large area with many splendid buildings on it. The first church built by the first settlers, mentioned previously, stands in this convent yard.

Mrs. FitzSimon now lives in one of the few two-storied structures in Castroville. It is a spacious old-time building, with stair hall in the center and with detached kitchen to the right. The kitchen has a huge Dutch oven with open-

ings now, unfortunately, walled up. The place was formerly Hotel Tardieu. Dr. FitzSimon, now deceased, was a physician, a big-hearted philanthropic Irishman, and his hospitable wife and sons turned the doctor's files over to me, which, among other interesting documents, showed the request of an old resident, James Paul, concerning the erection of a vault over his own grave and that of a Dr. Hoffman in the yard of his home.

Calvary Hill, so called on account of the crucifix surmounting it, stands guard over the peaceful town below, and over the three cemeteries which sleep at its very feet. First Mexican, then the Catholic and lastly the Protestant. Of these the Catholic is the most interesting, for many of the monuments are splendid examples, beautifully carved in limestone rock, some of them not much unlike the famous Celtic Cross in design and delicacy. One small sculptured slab, in high relief, depicts Christ bearing the crucifix. If it is not a mediecal fragment, then certainly it resembles that period of sculpture. The slabs over the graves of Madam Castro and her daughter-in-law are simple, but dignified though neglected. That over the latter is badly broken, which must have been done by vandalism or the thrust of a young tree trying to push its branches up through the cracks in the stone.

Castro's son, Lorenzo Castro, a most gifted man, lived in San Antonio. Henri de Castro, the founder, upon the occasion of a contemplated visit to his native France, traveled by way of Monterrey, Mexico, where he was stricken and died, and was buried at the foot of the Sierra Madre.

John Henry Brown in his history of Texas says: "In this enterprise Henri de Castro expended of his personal means more than $15,000. He fed his colonists for a year, furnished them milk cows, farming implements, seeds, medicines and whatever they needed. He was a father, dispensing blessings hitherto unknown in the colonization of Texas. He was a learned, wise and humane man, unappreciated by many, because he was modest and in nowise self-assertive and his tastes were literary. He was a devoted friend of President Lamar, Houston and Jones, all of whom did all in their power to advance his great and patriotic idea of planting permanent civilization in Southwest Texas. He was a devout believer in the capacity of intelligent men for self-governments of Europe. He believed, with Jefferson, in the God-given right of every association of men, whether in commonwealth, Nation, or Empire, to select their own officers, and, by chosen representatives, to make their own laws. Hence he was, in every sense, a valuable accession to the infant Republic of Texas."

Again Brown says of Castroville: "It was an achievement entitling the name of Henri de Castro to be enrolled among the most prominent pioneers of civilization in modern times. Yet the youth of today, joyously and peacefully galloping over the beautiful hills and valleys he rescued from savagery, are largely ignorant of his great success."

Heel Fly Time in Texas.

We have a few copies of the pamphlet, "Heel Fly Time in Texas," left on hand, which we will send postpaid for 25 cents. A thrilling story of the Civil War period, true in every detail, and full of human interest. Order today from Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

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The Passing of a Sturdy Path Blazer

The recent death of William E. Cureton of Bosque County, the father of Chief Justice C. M. Cureton of the Texas Supreme Court, brought to a close the life of one of the pioneers of the Southwest.

It was the sturdy character of such pioneers which has made civilization from the Mississippi to the Pacific Ocean. Cureton was born in Franklin County, Arkansas, in 1848 and came to Texas in 1854, with his father, Capt. Jack Cureton.

His life was a part of the epic of the

West. He ranched in Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, Nevada and California; lived a life filled with hardships, adventure and romance. He remembered the first appearance of stamped envelopes and sulphur matches in his part of the West, in 1852 and 1853; visited Yosemite Falls before there was a vehicle road to it; rode on the first railroad in Southern California, a little narrow gauge that ran from the seashore at Wilmington to Los Angles. He was with General Crook in the Indian wars of Arizona.

His ranching experience was extensive, and much of it on the open ranges of the West. At one time he was a director of the American Livestock Association, and at the time of his death was a vice president of the Old Trail Drivers' Association. He contributed some articles to the historical volumes published by Col. George W. Saunders, the president of the association, and participated in the ceremonies at the unveiling of the beautiful equestrian statue of the "Cowboy" on the capitol grounds at Austin.

In 1854, Cureton's father, with family moved to what afterwards became Palo Pinto County, Texas, crossing Red River at old Preston, the head of early navigation on that stream, a few miles west of where Denison now stands.

In going westward to their destination he wrote in his unfinished memoirs:

"We were bound westward for the extreme frontier. We passed a little village on the Trinity named Dallas."

He also makes mention of Fort Worth and then says:

"There was a fine spring of water in the very upper edge of the Cross Timbers, where there is quite a town now, called Weatherford."

The family settled on Keechi Creek, then Milam district, now Palo Pinto County, where they built the first houses in that part of the country. Speaking with reference to the Indians at that early day, Cureton writes:

"In about 1857 Indian tribes, not liking the pale faces' encroachment on his hunting grounds and destroying his sources of living, would steal the settlers' horses and mules and carry them away, and use or sell to the Mexicans or to the other Indians of the north and west. This caused the settlers to form ranger companies, and follow the trails, and when overtaking them, neither side took any prisoners—it was a fight to the death."

Cureton tells of one of the first, if not the first school in Palo Pinto County section. He says:

"Late in 1855 or early in 1856, my grandfather, William Cureton, Uncle Oliver Loving, the Willits and others, settled a little north of the present site of Mineral Wells, and joined the Keechi neighborhood in the interest of a school.

"They dug a trench about 24 inches deep around a plot of ground about 14 by 16 feet square, leaving a space for doors, and set post oak poles in the trench-like square, building a stockade. Covered same with dirt for roof, leaving also dirt floor.

"Then a teacher was the question. A rather shabbily dressed applicant came on foot along the military or overland road. There being a young lawyer passing that way, too, the fathers of the intended pupils thought best to have the doubtful looking applicant examined.

"The young limb of the law said that the three R's was about all they would need for a session or two; so they tried him on othography. They first gave him to spell three dissylables, 'pewter,' 'pony' and 'basin.' He missed all three and was refused the school. Next came a son from Erin by the name of Patrick McClure, who was accepted on general appearance. The school began and was very successful."

Cureton's narrative continues, reciting the organization of Palo Pinto County and the location of its first county seat, which was called Golconda, now changed to Palo Pinto. He states that Cravens and Darnell of Fannin County, located a ranch on the Brazos River at the mouth of Caddo Creek and built a corn mill run by oxen by treading on an incline wheel at Golconda. The miller was a mulatto owned by Cravens and was murdered by the Indians on Lynn's prairie.

Cureton refers briefly to the campaign in which Cynthia Ann Parker was captured, as follows:

"The last days of November, 1860, the Comanches made a raid, murdering women and little children, and driving off all the settlers' horses found along

the borders of Palo Pinto and Parker Counties. My father Capt. Jack Cureton, gathered a voluntary company of 95 men, including C. C. Slaughter, afterwards cattleman and banker of Dallas, and Charles Goodnight of Goodnight, Texas."

The narrative shows that Captain Cureton took the trail of the Indians going northwest. He was joined at Belknap and Camp Cooper by Capt. Sul Ross and 40 State Rangers, a United States sergeant and a few soldiers. The expedition moved northward and on one of the tributaries of Pease River they came upon Peta Nacona, the Chief of the Comanches, and fought the battle of Pease River, during which the white woman, Cynthia Ann Parker, then the wife of Peta Nocona, was captured.

It will be ecalled that Quanah Parker a son of Cynthia Ann Parker and Peta Nocona, was 12 years old at the time of this battle, and afterwards became chief of the Comanches.

Cureton states that in 1863 his father established a cow ranch about one mile from where the courthouse at Abilene now stands, with Jeff Lyttle in charge, then the farthest west of any ranch, the Ledbetter salt works, seven miles southwest of Albany, then being the nearest settlement.

From the name of this foreman comes Lyttle Creek, Lyttle Gap and the lake that afterwards furnished city water supply to Abilene.

Cureton, with his father and brother, John C. Cureton, were in what is now Shackelford County, killing family supplies of buffalo meat, when a courier brought word of Indian signs to the west. The father and brother, who were mounted, left for the chase, while Cureton, who was driving the supply wagon, carried home the buffalo supply.

Here follows the naration of the famous Indian battle of Dove Creek, southwest of San Angelo, one of the last great Indian battles. It occurred between the Kickapoos and several hundred whites, both well armed. The white men were compelled by superior numbers to retreat. Col. Buck Barry and other noted Indian fighters participated in the fight. This was in January, 1865.

The narrative continues with the description of the drive in which he went with his father's cattle from Jim Ned Creek, Coleman County, in 1867, taking the large herd to the Indian Reservations of Mexico and Arizona to sell to the Government to feed the Indians and soldiers.

At the Horsehead Crossing on the Pecos the Indians stole 11 head of their saddle horses.

Delivery was made by Cureton of the cattle at San Augustine Springs in 1868. On their return, "when we reached the head of Concho, there in a depression a little way from the road lay Jim and John Ketchum of San Saba, and six other cowboys, dead. The Indians had killed them two days before as they were returning from New Mexico. The soldiers from Fort Concho, then building, came out and took care of the bodies."

The movement of Texas cattle northward during the late sixties and early seventies is made the basis of Emerson Hough's celebrated novel, "North of 36," and of the motion picture play of the same name. Cureton mentions briefly his drive to Kansas, one incident of which, the crossing of Red River, appears in both the book and the drama Cureton's description of the drive appears in his contributions to Colonel Saunders' book of the experiences of the Old Trail Drivers, edited by J. Marvin Hunter, which was largely used by Hough in getting facts for his story.

Cureton details a trip to California made in 1870 with cattle, and a wagon train of emigrants, in charge of his father, and designated as "Cureton's California Train." It consisted of 10 families, 10 cowboys, several hundred cattle and 29 vehicles, all drawn by oxen except one. He adds:

"We had but few mishaps on the trip; one man died and one baby born—so we kept our tally."

Cureton served as a member of the House in the two Legislatures under the administration of Governor Charles A. Culberson. It was during his sojourn in Austin in 1895 he met and became the personal friend of O. Henry, then living in Austin, and publishing a sheet called the "Rolling Stone." He was then known as William Sidney Porter, and frequently visited Cureton's desk in the House and conversed with him.

LIFE OF JOHN WESLEY HARDIN

FROM THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT, AS WRITTEN BY HIMSELF

Published in 1896 by Smith & Moore

INTRODUCTORY BY FRONTIER TIMES.

In publishing this story of "The Life of John Wesley Hardin," the publisher of Frontier Times only does so by the numerous requests from people who knew Hardin in the days of his bloody career. That he was a remarkable man all will agree, and we have often thought that if his aim had been directed for good, he would have been a most useful man. I remember seeing him just one time, and that was after he had been released from the penitentiary after serving about seventeen years for the killing of Charlie Webb. He was at Mason in 1895, and to me he appeared to be a very mild mannered gentleman, not of the desperado type whatever. He shortly afterwards married a young lady at London, in Kimble county, but they lived together only about two weeks, and Hardin left that part of the country and went out to El Paso, where he was later killed by John Selman. Selman was somewhat of a killer himself, but a short time after he killed Hardin he was himself killed by George Scarborough in El Paso. I knew George Scarborough personally, and I was living in El Paso when Scarborough was killed by outlaws near San Simon, Arizona.

The "Life of John Wesley Hardin" was printed by Smith & Moore, Seguin, Texas, in 1896, from the original manuscript as written by himself, and we here reproduce it originally published.

PREFACE BY THE PUBLISHERS.

In presenting this auto-biography of John Wesley Hardin to the public we feel sure that to many a new light will thus be thrown on the life and character of the most notorious desperado Texas ever produced. The deeds that men do live after them, and to the new generation the name of John Wesley Hardin is associated with the most desperate crimes and blood-thirsty atrocities ever printed in a 5-cent novel. By reading these pages a certain justice will be done his memory. Hardin, in the latter years of his life, often reiterated that he had never killed a man wantonly or in cold blood, and we believe that this book, evidently written without any purpose of self-justification, will bear him out. The manuscript itself is written in a clear, blunt and direct style, and is given to the public with little, if any, alteration. Hardin was a born leader of men, whether for good or evil, and had it not been for the unfortunate surroundings of his boyhood days, would undoubtedly have made a mark in civil life. His determination, often amounting to the most daring and unreasonable obstinacy, may be traced through this self-told story of his life and can be even detected in the bold lines of his handwriting. Brave, reckless and daring he certainly was, and he loved his wife and children with depth and tenderness. He was a daring character in daring times, born with an utter contempt for the consequences of yielding to a high and fierce temper. Such, in brief, is the framework of the life of the intrepid character to be found in these pages. To the Hon. P. S. Sowell, member of the Legislature from Guadalupe county, we are indebted for being enabled to publish this manuscript. With marked legal ability he fought for the claim of the Hardin children through the El Paso courts, finally securing this manuscript for the heirs.

The short appendix to be found at the conclusion is compiled from letters and papers found among his effects and is published with the consent of his children.

The Life of John Wesley Hardin

I was born in Bonham, Fannin County, Texas, on the 26th of May, 1853. My mother, Elizabeth Hardin, was a blond, highly cultured, and charity predominated in her disposition. She made my father a model wife and helpmate. My father continued to travel his circuit as a preacher until 1869, when he moved and located near Moscow, in Polk county, on account of bad health. In the same year he moved again, this time to Sumpter, in Trinity county, where he taught school. He organized and established an academy, to which institution he sent my elder brother, Joe G. Hardin, and myself. In the meantime my father was studying law, and in 1861 was admitted to the far. The war between the states had broken out, and while my father had voted against secession, yet, when the State seceded, he went with his State and immediately organized a company to fight, and, if need be, to die for Southern rights. He was elected captain of this company, but resigned at the solicitation of the best citizens,Capt. Ballinger being elected to the command. So my father stayed at home because, as said the foremost men of the community, "You can be of more good use at home than off fighting Yankees." Although I was but 9 years old at this time I had already conceived the idea of running off and going with a cousin to fight Yankees. But my father got on to the little game and put an end to it all by giving me a sound thrashing. Still the principles of the Southern cause loomed up in my mind ever bigger, brighter and stronger as the months and years rolled on. I had seen Abraham Lincoln burned and shot to pieces in effigy so often that I looked upon him as a very demon incarnate, who was waging a relentless and cruel war on the South to rob her of her most sacred rights. So you can see that the justice of the Southern cause was taught to me in my youth and if I never relinquished these teachings in after years, surely I as but true to my early training. The way you bend a twig, that is the way it will grow, is an old saying, and a true one. So I grew up a rebel. In 1862 my father moved to Livingston, in Polk county, where he taught school and practiced law. In 1865 we again moved back to Sumpter, my father still teaching and practicing law, my brother and I being regular scholars. Our parents had taught us from our infancy to be honest, truthful and brave, and we were taught that no brave boy would let another call him a liar with impunity, consequently we had lots of battles with other boys at school. I was naturally active and strong and always came out best, though sometimes with a bleeding nose, scratched face or a black eye; but true to my early training, I would try, try, try again. We continued in Sumpter at school for some time, and of course I received the biggest part of my education there. I always tried to excell in my studies, and generally stood at the head. Being playful by nature, I was generally first on the playground at recess and noon. Marbles, rolly hole, cat, bull pen and town ball were our principal games and I was considered by my school mates an expert. I knew how to knock the middle man, throw a hot ball and ply the bat. Of course we had examinations and school exhibitions, which were creditable to all concerned, but in 1867 an incident occurred which I think proper to relate. We were preparing for examination when one of my school mates and myself had an almost fatal fight. His name was Charles Sloter, and as he wanted to be boss among the boys, of course I stood in his way. In order to "down" me he publicly accused me of writing some doggeral on the wall about one "Sal," a girl scholar. It commenced, "I love Sal. and Sal loves mutton," and ended in some reflection on Sal's personal attractions. I knew that he was the author of the poetry, and when he accused me of writing it I at once denied it and proved it up on him. He came over to my seat in the school room, struck me and drew his knife. I stabbed him twice almost fatally in the breast and back. A howl at once went up to expel me from the school, some even wanting to hang me. The trustees, however, heard the true facts in the case and instead of expelling me, completely exonerated me and the courts acquitted me.

I may mention here that poor Charley

was long afterwards hung by a mob in an adjoining county.

Now, as I am about to leave the story of my boyish days and enter upon the description of a course of life which, when once entered upon, few live to reach their majority, I deem it proper to say a few words more about the way my early days were spent before going on further with the history of my life. I was always a very child of nature and her ways and moods were my study. My greatest pleasure was to be out in the open fields, the forests and the swamps. My greatest pleasure was to get out among the big pines and oaks with my gun and the dogs and kill deer, coons, 'possums or wild cats. If any of those Sumpter boys with whom I used to hunt ever see this history of my life. I ask them to say whether or not our sport in those days was not splendid. John Norton, Bill Gordon, Shiles and Hiram Frazier and Sol Adams, all of Sumpter, can all bear witness to the good times we had then.

We were still living in Polk county when my father took up the idea that he would improve his headright, situated about three miles northeast of Livingstone, bordering on Long King creek. Capt. T. L. Eperson of Livingstone conceived the same idea about his headright at the same time as my father, and I believe he made a success of his venture in farming. Not so, my father. He soon became disgusted with country life and actually gave his headright farm and improvements on it to his brother, Barnett Hardin and wife, whose name was Anne. I do not know the reason of this generosity, but believe it was in order that neither his wife or his children should ever be bothered with the plague of ticks that infested the place. Of all places I have ever been I believe that to be the most accursedly "ticky." I believe now my father to have been a most wise man in giving that place away. When we were improving it we had six or eight colored men clearing up, rail splitting, building, houses, etc. It is needless to say that brother Joe and myself spent most of our time out there with the negroes, dogs, and, of course, the ticks. What a big time we had hunting and fishing with them! (The ticks, as well as the negroes and dogs, for ticks went wherever we did.) I remember a hunt I got into by my lone self which is worth narrating before I leave my early days. We had a horse named Jack, which had strayed away and we finally heard of him at old Mr. Bob Sikes', about three miles and a half west of our place. I was told to go and get Jack, so next morning, after locating his whereabouts, I called my dogs, got my bridle and a rope and started out afoot after "Jack." I got to old Bob Sikes' place, found "Jack" there and of course the old man would have me to stay to dinner. I ate heartily as the meal was gotten up in good country style. It was late when I started back to the Hardin camp with "Jack" and my dogs. It was drizzling rain and the skies looked black. We had about three and a half miles of dense wood to go through, and report had it that wild animals abounded there. However, I had great confidence in Jack and my dogs and nothing but a ghost could scare me, unless it was lightning. I started the dogs out and presently I heard old Watch bark and later on I heard the others all baying as if they had sure enough found something. I took the course and after going a mile, found Watch at the foot of a big whiteoak tree, looking up and gnawing at the base, while the other dogs were about twenty yards off looking up into the branches of the big oak. I looked up and I finally made out four big coons up at the very top of the tree. Now I wanted those coons to take to camp as a trophy of my trip. I knew that Joe would laud me to the skies if I succeeded in getting them, and it meant a big stew for all hands that night. There were limbs for me to reach, so I decided to ride "Jack" up close to the trunk, stand up on his back and throw the rope over the lowest limb. I did this, trusting to Jack to stand still and not run off. The next two limbs were away above me but with the use of the rope I got to the limbs where the coons were. The coons, however, concluding the situation was getting decidedly hot, decided to charge me. They began to form in line, one behind the other, to growl and show fight. Meanwhile I had tied myself securely to the tree and had broken off a bough to defend myself with. Here came the coons and attacked me at once. I struck right

and left with my weapon, but it broke in pieces the first lick, so I had nothing left but my fists. I fought hard and long, and one by one I knocked those coons out of that tree top fifty feet high, and they no sooner hit the ground that the dogs made short work of them. I then untied myself from the tree and with the use of the rope I reached the ground a wiser, if not braver, boy. I was covered with blood from head to foot; my hands, face and breast were torn and lacerated, being badly bitten and scratched. I had to leave my rope up on the first limb, so when I dropped to the ground I piled the coons up and tied them together with my galluses. I then sat down and made a rope out of my breeches to lead the faithful Jack. I was in a nice fix now; three miles from home, raining, a loose horse, four coons and three dogs, going through a swamp in my shirt tail and night coming on. To make matters worse, Jack refused to pack those coons. Of all the pitching, jumping and kicking you ever saw, Jack did it then. After considerable begging and coaring I finally induced Jack to let me and the coons ride. We all struck out for camp and got there after dark. On our arrival we had a regular jollification. They told me that they wondered why I was not lying a dead boy in that swamp after such an experience. I told them that it was pluck that both saved me and captured the coons. Here I wish to tell my readers that if there is any power to save a man, woman or child from harm, outside the power of the Living God, it is this thing called pluck. I never was afraid of anything except ghosts, and I have lived that down now and they have no terrors for me. Constant association with negroes in my young days had made me superstitious in this respect, and I was well versed in old folk lore about ghosts, spirits, dead men's shadows, graveyards, etc., and many a time then did I honestly believe I had seen them.

The first man I ever saw killed I will now tell you about. His name was Turner Evans and he was killed by old Jack Ruff in the town of Sumpter, Trinity county, Texas, in the year 1861. My father had just organized his company of soldiers to go to the seat of war at Richmond. I remember the day well. Ruff was a poor man and owed Turner Evans. Evans was overbearing and besides running an attachment on Ruff's property, annoyed him greatly in every way. Late in the evening Evans began to drink, and being rich and influential, had a crowd of hangers-on around him. Fired by whisky he began late in the evening to go around town from store to store inquiring for Ruff, declaring he would cane him whenever he found him. At last he found him in a small grocery store and at once commenced to curse and abuse him. Ruff said, "Turner, you have ruined me financially and now you come with your crowd to attack me personally. Go off." Evans said, "I will, after I have caned you," and so saying he struck him over the head with his cane. Ruff pulled a large Bowie knife and started for Evans. Evans' friends hit Ruff with chairs and tried to stop him, while Evans himself used his stick freely. Ruff, however, was by this time a determined and angry man, and cut at everybody that tried to stop him. He finally cut Evans down, and the sheriff appearing on the scene, Ruff was at once arrested. Evans' friends carried him off, but his wounds were fatal, the jugular vein being completely severed, he soon died and left a large family. Ruff, after lying in jail for several years, came clear. If you wish to be successful in life, be temperate and control your passions; if you don't, ruin and death is the inevitable result.

In the fall of 1868, I went to my uncle's (Barnett Hardin) in Polk county, about four miles north of Livingstone. I was in the habit of making these trips, though I was then but 15 years old. This time they were making sugar and I took the trip to see them, carrying my pistol of course. I met a negro named Mage close to Moscow who had belonged to Judge Houlshousen, a brother to my uncle Barnett Hardin's wife. I had a cousin named Barnett Jones, who matched himself and me against this Moscow negro in a wrestling bout. The negro was a large powerful man, and we were but two boys. Nevertheless, we threw him down the first fall. He was not satisfied, so we threw him again, and this time scratched his face a little and made it bleed. Negro-like, he got mad

and said he could whip me and would do it. Barnett and others standing around stopped us from fighting. This seemed to make Mage all the more angry. He said he would kill me, and went after his gun. I went to the house to get mine, too, but Uncle Barnett got on to the game and made me stay in the house, while that negro went around cursing and abusing me, saying "that he would kill me or die himself; that no white boy could draw his blood and live; that a bird never flew too high not to come to the ground." Uncle Barnett then took a hand and ordered Mage off the plantation. The next morning I had to start home and go about seven or eight miles out of the way to deliver a message from my father to old Capt. Sam Rowes. About six miles from Capt. Rowes' place and eight from Judge Houlshousen's, I overtook the negro, Mage. He was walking and had a stout stick in his hand. A small creek ran to the east of the road, which made a sharp bend of about 100 yards, and from bend to bend ran a path. Just as I overtook Mage he took the path, while I stayed in the main road. He had gone about fifteen steps before he turned and saw me. He recognized me at once and began to curse and abuse me, saying that I was a coward for not shooting it out last night. I told him that I was but playing with him when I scratched him and did not intend to hurt him. He answered by saying that if he could get hold of me he would kill me and throw me in the creek; that he believed he could outrun old "Paint," (the horse I was riding, and a very poor one), and catch me anyway. I told him to go his way and let me go mine, and whipped old Paint into a trot. Mage, seeing this, ran along the path to where it again met the main road and cut me off. He cursed me again and threatened me with death.

I stopped in the road and he came at me with his big stick. He struck me, and as he did it I pulled out a Colt's 44 sixshooter and told him to get back. By this time he had my horse by the bridle, but I shot him loose. He kept coming back and every time he would start I would shoot him again and again, until I shot him down. I went to Uncle Clabe Houlshousen and brought him and another man back to where Mage was lying. Mage still showed fight and called me a liar. If it had not been for my uncle I would have shot him again. Uncle Houlshousen gave me a $20 gold piece and told me to go home and tell father all about the big fight; that Mage was bound to die, and for me to look out for the Yankee soldiers who were all over the country at that time. Texas, like other states, was then over-run with carpet-baggers and bureau agents who had the United States army to back them up in their meanness. Mage shortly died in November, 1868. This was the first man I ever killed, and it nearly distracted my father and mother when I told them. All the courts were then conducted by bureau agents and renegades, who were the inveterate enemies of the South and administered a code of justice to suit every case that came before them and which invariably ended in gross injustice to Southern people, especially to those who still openly held on to the principles of the South. To be tried at that time for killing a negro meant certain death at the hands of a court, backed by Northern bayonets; hence my father told me to keep in hiding until that good time when the Yankee bayonet should cease to govern. Thus, unwillingly, I became a fugitive, not from justice be it known, but from the injustice and misrule of the people who had subjugated the South. I had an elder brother teaching school on Logallis Prairie, about twenty-five miles north of Sumpter, so I went up there, intending in a few weeks to go to Navarro county where I had relatives. So I stayed at old man Morgan's in an out-of-the-way place and spent my time hunting wild cattle and wild game. In a little while the United States soldiers heard of my whereabouts and came after me. My brother, however, had heard of their coming and had told me. I soon was after them instead of them after me. We met in the bed of a deep creek and after a sharp fight two white soldiers lay dead, while a negro soldier was flying for his life. I ran upon him and demanded his surrender in the name of the Southern Confederacy. He answered me with a shot, when I brought him to the ground with a bullet from my Colt's 44. All this was kept very secret, and

these soldiers were buried in the bed of the creek about 100 yards below where the fight took place. I knew they would cross the creek where they did so. I waylaid them, as I had no mercy on men whom I knew only wanted to get my body to torture and kill. It was war to the knife with me and I brought it on by opening the fight with a double-barrelled shot gun and ending it with a cap and ball sixshooter. Thus it was that by the fall of 1868 I had killed four men and was myself wounded in the arm. Parties in the neighborhood of the last fight took the soldiers' horses, and as we burned all their effects, everything was kept quiet.

In January, 1869, I went with my father to Navarro county and engaged in school teaching near Pisga. I had about twenty-five scholars, both boys and girls, from the age of 6 to 16 years. I taught school for three months at the old Word school house and when the term was out the school was offered to me again. I had, however, conceived the idea of becoming a cowboy, and as my cousins were in the business I began to drive cattle to shipping points. Of course in this kind of a life I soon learned how to play poker, seven-up, and euchre, and it was but a short time until I would banter the best for a game. I liked fast horses, and soon would bet on any kind of a horse race, a chicken fight, a dog fight, or anything down to throwing "crack-a-loo," or spitting at a mark.

In those times if there was anything that could rouse my passion it was seeing impudent negroes, lately freed, insult or abuse old, wounded Confederates who were decrepit, weak or old. There were lots of those kind in the country in the sixties, and these negroes bullied both them and even the weaker sex when they had advantage. Frequently I involved myself in almost inextricable difficulties in this way. Once I learned that in one of the eastern counties there was a most insulting and bull-dozing negro bully who made it a point to insult these decrepit old men, and paid no respect to white ladies. In short, he was a terror to the community. I thought this over until I determined to see what could be done to stop him and his wickedness. I went to that neighborhood and found out when he was in the habit of going to town. I dressed myself as an old man and met him in the road. Of course when we met I would not give him the road and he at once commenced his tirade of abuse. I told him that I was old and feeble and lived in a distant country, but that I was a Southerner and did not want a big burly negro to treat me the way he was doing. This enraged him. He stopped his steers, jumped down off his wagon and, commenced to pop his whip at me, calling me vile names and low-down white trash. He popped me at last and I could not stand it any longer. I pulled off my mask, drew my six-shooter and told him to say his prayers. I told him that I was going to kill him for his cruelty to white folks, but did not want to send him before his maker without a chance to repent. He certainly prayed a prayer. "Jesus have mercy on dis bad nigger, and have mercy on all de poor white men and keep dis young white man from killing dis bad nigger." About this time my pistol went off and the prayer abruptly ended. The ball did not strike the negro, but it had the desired effect, for it reformed him completely. That negro afterwards became one of the best citizens of that country; became civil and polite, and was never known to insult a white person, male or female, after that.

I knew the Newmans, the Trammels, the Rushings; the Andersons and Dixons were cousins of mine. I may mention here that I met Jim Newman quite lately and in talking over old times near Pisga in 1869, he asked me if I remembered how some fellow jumped when I shot him. I told him, "Yes, I remember it." "Well," said Jim Newman, "I bet you at that time that you could not shoot his eye out, and we had a bottle of whiskey on it; come in, now, it is my treat." I suppose I won the bet, but did not recollect it after so many years. This same Jim Newman is now sheriff of Nolan county; his postoffice is Sweetwater.

Frank Polk had killed a man named Tom Brady and a detachment of Yankees came out from Corsicana to capture Polk and myself. They, as usual, failed on me, but got Frank. They carried him to Corsicana, where, after a long confinement, he finally came clear. At that

time I had a cousin named Simp Dixon, who belonged to the Ku Klux Klan, and was sworn to kill Yankee soldiers as long as he lived. He had been raised in Northern Texas, but was forced to fly from there. His mother, brother and sister were tortured and killed by the United States soldiers because of their loyalty to the Southern cause. Simp, therefore, had good cause for hating the Yankees. There was a big reward for Simp, and so, of course, I sympathized with him in every way and was generally with him. On one occasion in the Richland bottom a squad of soldiers ran up on us and a pitched battle immediately ensued. It was a free and fast fight. When the battle was over two soldiers lay dead. Simp killed one and I killed the other, while the rest escaped. Simp was afterwards killed by a squad of United States soldiers at Cotton Gin, in Limestone county. He was undoubtedly one of the most dangerous men in Texas. He was born in Fannin county in 1850, and was about 19 years old at the time of his death.

Late in the fall of 1869 my brother, Joe Hardin, came to see me and persuaded me to leave Navarro county, which I consented to do, and we went into Hill county, stopping a short time at Hillsboro with Aunt Anne Hardin and family and then going out some seven or eight miles into the country to Uncle Barnett Hardin's We went down the Brazos to some relatives of ours named Page, where I speculated in cotton and hides. I played poker and seven-up whenever I got a chance and once in awhile would bet on a pony race. These races generally came off on the old Boles tracks near Towash. A man named John Collins had married a cousin of mine and I went into partnership with him. Things ran smoothly for some time and we were doing well until a tragedy occurred that forever dissolved our partnership. I had been receiving letters from my father and mother urging me to quit my wild habits and turn to better ways. They wrote that they were going to move down to the Page settlement so they could be with me. On the 24th of December my father came to see me and brought me good news from all the loved ones at home, and telling me that they had all moved to Navarro county. Next day was Christmas day and I borrowed my father's horse, a pretty good runner, to go to the grocery and the races at the Boles tracks. Collins and I had matched some races to be run on that day, but of course we never told my father about this. There were a lot of Arkansas people there with horses; especially do I remember Hamp Davis and Jim Bradley. We came very near having a shooting match several times that day, as everybody in the '60s carried pistols, but all left the track apparently satisfied. Jim Bradly, whom I mentioned above, was introduced to me as a desperado and killer. I had been reliably informed that he was there for my especial benefit, but in those days an unknown desperado had as much influence on me as a snaffle bit on a wild horse. After the races about fifteen or twenty of us went to a grocery near by kept by Dire & Jenkins; there was a gin there and one or two stores. We soon got into a poker game. I had won $50 or $75 on the races and had $325 besides, thus having about $400 in all. At this time I was but 16 years old. It was arranged that Collins, my partner, was not to play, but Jim Bradly (the Arkansas bully) had borrowed his six-shooter. The game was composed of Jim Bradly, Hamp Davis, Judge Moore and myself. I knew afterwards that these three stood in against me, but did not know it at this time. One thing, however, I did know, and that was how to protect myself pretty well from such fellows in a game of draw poker. I placed about $350 in gold in front of me and about $10 in silver. Bradly, on my left placed in front of himself about $5 in silver and $20 in gold; Davis, on Bradly's left, about $10 in silver and $40 in gold, and Moore about $30 in gold. The game proceeded quietly until about 12 o'clock at night, about which time I had won all the money. We were playing on a blanket in a small box house without a door, but with a place open for a chimney in the north end. The house was about 13x14 feet and was situated about a quarter of a mile north from the grocery. The moon was shining brightly and the night was clear and cold. I had won all the money on the blanket, as I said before, and all the players owed me. I had pulled off my boots and

thrown them in the corner to my left next to Bradly, not suspecting that robbery was the intention of the game. I was quietly fixing to quit the game unknown to the others and had put all the gold in my pocket, only having about $25 or $30 in front of me. Moore remarked that everybody owed Hardin. I said: "Yes," but Jim Bradly said no, and we left it to Moore and Davis to decide. They said, "Yes, you owe Hardin $5." About this time we both got good hands and I bet him $5 on three aces. He made me put up the money but "called" me without putting up a cent. I said to him, "Now you owe me $10, let us settle up or quit." He said: "You are a — —liar and a coward," drew a big knife, and quick as a cat could wink made a grab for me, while Davis got my six-shooter in the corner. Collins then threw himself between Bradly and me and kept him from stabbing me to death. This gave me a chance to get up and when I did Bradley drew his six-shooter and threatened to kill be if I did not give up my money. "Give me $500 or I will kill you, — — you," he said. Collins came to my rescue again and grabbed him, crying to me to jump out of the chimney opening or I would be killed. Out I went, barefooted on the frosty ground and ran out to our horses. Davis gave me a fearful cursing, calling me a murderer, a coward, a robber, and saying he would get me before day. Collins came out to where I was standing behind a tree and said: "John, let us go home; we are in a h-l of a scrape." I said: "Where is your pistol?" He said: 'Bradly borrowed it in the early part of the night." "No," I said, "I am not going home and face my father in this condition; I want my boots my money and my pistol." Collins went back to get my boots, which Bradly finally gave him permission to do. Bradly continued to abuse me and went to the grocery with his crowd, who, by this time were all cursing me as a man who had been posing as a brave man, but who in fact was a coward and rascal. As soon as I got my boots on I told Collins I wanted to go and see Moore, who had my money and pistol. He said he would go with me to his boarding house, as he knew the proprietor. We left our horses where they were and found Moore at the boarding house. He refused to give up either the pistol or the money without Bradly's consent. He agreed to go with Collins to see Bradly at the grocery about 100 yards off across the road in an easterly direction. When they got to the grocery and saw Bradly he was still cursing. He threatened Collins and swore he would kill me if he could find me. Moore told him I was at his boarding house after my pistol and money. Bradly said: "Well, I'll go over there and fill him ful l of lead." Meantime Collins had borrowed a pistol and persuaded Bradly to exchange, telling him he was going home and wanted his own. John Collins bade him goodbye and came back to the boarding house where I was. He wanted me to go home, but by this time Bradly had started over to where I was, swearing to kill me. The proprietor was trying to get me to leave, when I asked him for a pistol to defend myself with from robbery and death. He refused to do this, but Collins gave me his and said: "Now let us go to our horses." I said: "All O. K.," and we started to go out of the gate and into the public road that led to where our horses were. Just as we got out of the gate we saw Bradly with six or seven others, including Hamp Davis, coming toward us, threatening to kill me, his crowd urging him on by shouting: "Go for him! We are with you," etc. I told John Collins to go in the lead. The gin was on the right, about fifty yards away, with a store about fifty yards from where we were standing. Bradly saw me and tried to cut me off, getting in front of me with a pistol in one hand and a Bowie knife in the other. He commenced to fire on me, firing once, then snapping and firing again. By this time we were within five or six feet of each other and I fired a Remington 45 at his heart and right after that at his head. As he staggered and fell he said: "O, Lordy, don't shoot me any more." I could not stop. I was shooting because I did not want to take chances on a reaction. The crowd ran, and I stood there and cursed them loud and long as cowardly devils who had urged a man to fight and when he did and fell, to desert him like cowards and traitors. I went to my horse, rode over

to Frank Shelton's, borrowed a gun, came back and demanded my money, but received no answer I went on to where my father was at old Jim Page's and got there at 2 a. m. I woke him up and told him what had happened. It was a great blow to him, for he had been counting on taking me back home with him. I told him I would go home anyway, but would keep on the west side of the Brazos until next night. I soon found out the situation was critical. The whole country with the exception of a few friends and relatives had turned out to hunt me; in fact, there was a regular mob after me, whose avowed purpose was to hang me. I had agreed with my father to meet him at a certain place on the 26th, but they watched him so closely that he could not come. He had a trusted Masonic friend, however, named Martin, whom he sent to post me as to what was going on. Directly after Martin had left me a posse of some fifteen men ran up and surrounded me in a cotton pen. I told them that if they were officers to send one or two men and I would surrender, but I would not yield to a mob. They answered that I must give up or take the consequences. I replied: "Consequences be —. Light in if you think there is no bottom." I commenced to pump lead at them and they cried, "Hold up." They then sent two men to demand my surrender. When they came, I covered them with a double-barrelled shot gun and told them their lives depended on their actions, and unless they obeyed my orders to the letter, I would shoot first one and then the other. They readily assented. "Tell your friends out there," I said, "that Hardin has surrendered and that they had better go home or meet you at old Jim Page's, that Hardin is afraid of a mob." They did so and the crowd moved off toward Page's. When they were out of sight I made both men with lay down their arms. One had a double-barrelled gun and two six-shooters; the other had a rifle and two derringers. They complied with my request under the potent persuasion of my gun leveled first on one and then the other. I then got on my horse and told those fellows to follow their pals to Jim Page's; that I would be along directly and to wait for me there. I reckon they are waiting for me there yet. I went off to the west, but soon changed to the east; went through Hillsboro and into Navarro county. There I saw my dear mother and my brothers and sisters. Soon after, my father came and brought me the news that they were hot after me and were going to Pisga hoping to find me there. I got together three or four of my best friends and went to meet them. We met them on the west side of the Pinoak, about six miles from Pisga. They denied that they were after me. I told them to go back to Jim Page's where I was going and where an arresting party was now waiting for me. I told them if they had a legal warrant to show it and I would give up. They said they had none. Thereupon one of my party took occasion to tell them they had gone far enough towards Pisga and that if they loved their wives and children to go back to Hillsboro. They went. I went back to Pisga, fixed up my affairs with Aleck Barrickman, started for Brenham on the 20th of January, 1870. I intended to visit my uncle, Bob Hardin, there. About twenty-five miles from Pisga a circus was going on at a place called Horn Hill. One of the circus men had a row with some of the citizens, resulting in some men being shot. We knew nothing about this and upon getting to town went to a hotel. to get a bed. The circus people had all the beds engaged, so we could not get one. About ten p. m. we went out to the circus camp fires. It was quite cold and while we were all standing around the fire I accidently struck the hand of a circus man who was lighting his pipe with a faggot from the fire. I begged his pardon at once and assured him it was a pure accident. He, however, just roared and bellowed and swore he would "smash my nose." I told him to smash and be —; that I was a kind of a smasher myself. He said: "You are, are you?" struck me on the nose and started to pull his gun. I pulled mine and fired. He fell with a 45 ball through his head. Barrickman covered the crowd until we could make a truce. I saddled our horses and we rode off, apparently to the north, but soon changed our course south. We met nobody who knew us, so after Barrickman had ridden with me about sixteen miles he returned to Pisga and I went on to Brenham by way of Kosse, Calvert

and Bryant. I was young then and loved every pretty girl I met, and at Kosse I met one and we got along famously together. I made an engagement to call on her that night and did so. I had not been there long when some one made a row at the door of the house. She got scared and told me it was her sweetheart, and about this time the fellow came in and told me he would kill me if I did not give him $100. I told him to go slow, and not to be in such a hurry; that I only had about $50 or $60 in my pocket, but if he would go with me to the stable I would give him more as I had the money in my saddle pockets. He said he would go, and I, pretending to be scared, started for the stable. He said: "Give me what you have got first." I told him all right, and in doing so, dropped some of it on the floor. He stooped down to pick it up and as he was straightening up I pulled my pistol and fired. The ball struck him between the eyes and he fell over, a dead robber. I stopped long enough ot get back most of my money and resumed my journey to Brenham. I arrived there about the last of January, 1870, and went to Uncle Bob Hardin's, who was then improving his place. He persuaded me to farm with him and his boys, William, Aaron and Joe. All the money I had I gave to my aunt to keep for me. I thus became a farmer and made a good plough boy and hoer. I would often want to go to Brenham and did go with William or Joe. I used to find it hard to get my money from my good aunt. I used to tell her I had to go to town to get me a pair of shoes or a hat and that she could not suit me if she went. On one occasion I won about $60 at roulette and when I brought my aunt the money she wanted to know where I got that money. I told her with a laugh that I had that money all of the time. On another occasion Will and I rode our best horses to town and hitched them to the court house fence. When we got through "sporting" and came back for our horses we found them gone. They had evidently been stolen and though we rode a hundred miles or more we never laid eyes on those horses again.

I met a good many well known characters on those trips to Brenham. I used to gamble a good deal and it was there I got the name of "Young Seven-up." I met Phil Coe first there in Brenham, that notorious Phil Coe, who was afterwards killed in Abilene, Kansas, by "Wild Bill." I stayed at my uncle's until the crops were laid by and though prospects were splendid, the country was getting pretty hot for me. The State police had been organized and McAnally had been placed on the force, so on consulation with friends, it was thought best that I should leave Brenham. I sold out my interest in the crop and again started on my roaming life. I first went to Evergreen, about forty miles from Brenham. There were some races there and the town was full of hard characters. Bill Longley and Ben Hinds were there, as was also Jim Brown. In those days they gambled in the open air out in the streets when the weather permitted. Ben Hinds and I commenced playing "seven-up" on a goods box and I won about $20 from him, when I concluded to quit. He got mad and said if I was not a boy he would beat me to death. Ben was considered one of the most dangerous men in the country, but in those days I made no distinction in men as fighters. I told him I stood in men's shoes and not to spoil a good intention on account of my youth. He yelled at me: "You — little impudent scoundrel, I'll beat h-l out of you. As he made for me I covered him with my pistol and told him I was a little on the scrap myself, the only difference between him and I being that I used lead. About this time a dozen men had gathered around. Some of them tried to catch me and others started to draw their pistols. I said: "The first man that makes a move or draws a gun I'll kill him." At the same time I drew my other pistol and made them all get in front of me, saying that I wanted no back action in this fight. You bet they got in front of me in short order. Ben then said: "Young man, I was wrong, I beg your pardon. You are a giant with a youth's face. Even if you are a boy I bow to you, and here is my hand in good faith." I answered: "I cannot take your hand; but I accept your apology in good faith." Ben said: "I will be your friend; don't be uneasy while you are here, Bill Longley will be

at the races tomorrow, so stop over and we will have a good time."

Late that evening a dark looking man came to me and said: "My name is Bill Longley, and I believe you are a spy for McAnally. If you don't watch out you will be shot all to pieces before you know it."

I said: "You believe a — lie and all I ask is that those who are going to do the shooting will get in front of me. All I ask is a fair fight, and if your name is Bill Longley I want you to understand that you can't bulldoze or scare me."

Bill said: "I see I have made a mistake. Are you here to see the races?"

I told him "not particularly." He invited me to stay over and see the horses. We went and struck a poker game going on in a crib. We both got in the game. Directly it came my turn to deal. I had three jacks to go on and raised $5. All stayed in and in the draw Bill drew three cards, while the other two players drew one apiece. I drew two and caught the other jack. Bill filled on aces. One of the other players made a flush and the others filled on queens. The flush man bet $5, the man with a full went $10 better. I studied awhile and said: "You can't run me out on my own deal, so I go $10 better." Bill Longley said: "Well, stranger, you have your foot in it now; I go $50 better." The man with a flush passed, the man with a queen says, "Bill, I call a sight."

Bill says: "All right, how much money have you got?"

He counted out $45.

"Well, stranger," said Bill. "It's up to you. What do you do?"

I said: "What are you betting, wind or money?"

He said: "Money."

"Put it up," I said.

He went down in his pocket and pulled out four $20 gold pieces and took out a $5 gold piece.

I said, "All right, here is your $50 and I go you $250 better."

He said: "I go you; I call you."

I told him to put up the money. He asked me if his word was not good and I told him no. He went into his pocket again and pulled out eleven $20 gold pieces and asked me if I would credit him for the balance. I told him no.

"Well," he said, "I call you for $220."

I told him all right. "I reckon you have me beat."

He said: "I reckon so. I have got an ace full."

I said: "Hold on, I have two pair."

He said: "They are not worth a d—n."

I said: "I reckon two pair of jacks are good," so the eventful game ended. I was ahead about $300.

Some way or another they all got on to my identity and they all treated me with a good deal of respect at the races the next day.

I went west and stopped at Round Rock in Williamson county to see my old school master, J. C. Landrum. I had been his pupil in the '60s at Sumpter. After this I concluded to go north from there as I had relatives in Navarro and Limestone counties. I naturally wanted to see them, even if I had to take risks in doing so. I still cherished the hope that the day would come when I could stand my trial and come clear. My father always told me that when the Democrats regained power I could get a fair trial, but that I could never expect that under carpet-bag rule. Of course I had long ago concluded not to surrender for the present and whenever force was unlawfully employed to make me do so I met it with force, or else got out of the way.

In August, 1870, I went to Navarro and stayed at Pisga, where I gambled awhile. From there I went to Mount Calm, where my father was teaching school. There I peddled in hides and traded, making some money.

Soon after, I got a letter from my brother Joe, who was going to school at Round Rock to Professor Landrum. I also got one from the professor himself, with letters urging me to come up here and graduate with Joe. I went up there but only went to school for one day. The rewards that were offered for me made that country too dangerous a place for me to stop. I passed my diploma examination, however, satisfactorily, so Joe and I graduated together. My brother Joe then went to Mount Calm, helped my father teach school and became a lawyer. He afterwards moved to Comanche in 1872 and there lived until he met his death at the hands of a howling midnight mob of assassins in

June, 1874. I concluded to go to Shreeveport, La., where I had some relatives, and on my way there I stopped at a town named Longview. There they arrested me for another party, on a charge of which I was innocent. The State police concluded to take me to Marshall, but I got out a writ of habeas corpus. I was, however, remanded to jail at Waco for some crime which I never committed. I was put in an old iron cell in the middle of the log jail and nobody was allowed to see me. There were three other prisoners in there, and together we planned our escape. We were to wait until the food was brought in for supper and then we were to make our break. It was very cold weather when they first put me in jail and I had money with me to buy whiskey and tobacco for us all.

Thinking they would soon be released they had offered to sell me a pistol, a 45 Colts, with four barrels loaded. I unfolded my plans to them by which we could all get out. I was to cover the jailor as he opened the door and kill him if he did not obey orders. We were then all to rush out and stand the crowd off until dark would help us to easily get away.

They weakened, however, and so I bought the pistol for $40 in gold and a $25 overcoat. I had no idea when they were going to take me off, nor could I find out in any way. I tried to get them to go after my horse at Longview, but they would not do that.

One night they called for me and I knew what was up, and you bet I was ready for them. I found out I was going because the negro cook only brought up three supper plates When the prisoners complained that there were only three plates and four of us she said that "one of us was going to leave that night." I prepared myself for an emergency. I had a very heavy fur coat, a medium sack coat, two undershirts and two white shirts. I hid the pistol, tied with a good stout cord, under my left arm and over it my top shirt. I put on the rest of my clothes to see how it looked. It looked all right, so I took off my coat and vest and went to bed.

When they came to wake me up I pretended to be awakened out of a sound sleep and to be very much surprised. They told me to get up and put on my clothes, that they were going to start for Waco with me. They told me I was wanted there for killing Huffman in a barber shop. I appeared very much frightened and asked if there was any danger of a mob. Both Capt. Stokes and the jailor assured me there was none. I then put on my vest and socks, putting a bottle of pickles in my overcoat pocket on the left side so as to make me look bulky. They searched me but did not find any pistol. It was very cold and snow lay on the ground. They led me up to a little black pony with a blanket thrown over him for me to ride 225 miles to Waco. I asked them where my own horse and saddle was and they told me at Longview. I tried to buy a saddle from the jailor, but he would not sell me one. I at last got another blanket and mounted my pony, my guard tying me hard and fast. So we started out to Marshall, they leading my horse. When daylight came they untied my legs and allowed me to guide the little black pony. If you had met our party that day you would have seen a small white man about 45 years old, who was captain of police named Stokes, a middle weight dark looking man, one-fourth negro, one-fourth Mexican, and one-half white. The former riding a large bay horse, the latter a fine sorrel mare and leading a small black pony with a boy 17 yearl tied thereon and shivering with cold. They tried to frighten me every way they could. Stokes said they were going to shoot me if I tried to run off, and said that Jim Smolly would kill me any moment he told him to do so. I, of course, talked very humbly, was full of morality and religion and was strictly down on lawlessness of all kinds. tried to convince them that I was not an outlaw and did not wish to escape anywhere. When we got to the Sabine river it was booming and we had to swim. They tied me on again and put a rope around my pony's neck, Stokes leading, me next and Smolly bringing up the rear. The little black pony could swim like a duck and with the exception of getting thoroughly wet and cold, we got over all right.

We went on two miles out from the river and stopped to camp for the night. Jim went to get some wood and fodder for our horses, while Capt.

Stokes and myself started a fire and struck camp. We went to a house about 100 yards off and got an axe. We came back and he told me to cut some pine from an old pine tree. I assented, but made a complete failure with the axe as I was afraid my pistol might show. Jim soon got back. however, and we made a big fire, fed the horses, got supper. laid down and slept till morning, when we again started on our road to Waco.

When we reached the Trinity we found it out of its banks and dangerous to cross. We got the ferryman to ferry us over the main river, but when we began to cross the bottoms and sloughs they tied me on the black pony again and kept me tied until we reached dry land. We went forward again and traveled until night, when we stopped and camped. Capt. Stokes went to get some corn and fodder for our horses. While he was gone Jim Smolly cursed me. as was his habit, and threatened to shoot me. pointing his pistol at me to scare me. Then he sat down on a stump near our horses, which were hitched to one body of the tree. I pretended to be crying and got behind the little black pony. I put my head down on his back and meanwhile I untied the string that held my pistol. I kept one eye on him to see if he was watching me. When I got the pistol ready I rushed around on Jim and said: "Throw up your hands." He commenced to draw his pistol. when I fired and Jim Smolly fell dead, killed because he did not have sense enough to throw up his hands at the point of a pistol. I rode Jim Smolly's sorrel mare and rode to Mount Calm that night to my father's. Father gave me another horse and sent the sorrel mare back. This was in January, 1871.

I left my father's soon, bound for Mexico. I was going by way of San Antonio, but was arrested between Belton and Waco by men calling themselves police. They said they were going to take me to Austin, but night coming on, we stopped about ten miles from Belton. They agreed that one Smith should stand first guard, a man named Jones second, and one Davis the last watch. They had a good deal of whisky with them and they all got about half drunk. I had concluded to escape the first opportunity, so when we laid down I noticed where they put their shooting irons. I did not intend to sleep, but watched for a chance to liberate myself from unlawful arrest.

Jones soon dropped off to sleep and Davis soon followed. Smith sat up to guard me, but he forgot he was on duty or else was unconscious of the danger that threatened him and his companions. He began to nod, but once in awhile would roll his eyes around on me. Pretty soon he put his hand up to his head and his elbow on his knee and began to snore. I picked up Davis' shotgun and Jones' six-shooter. I fired at Smith's head and then turned the other barrel on Jones at once. As David began to arise and inquire what was the matter I began to work on him with the six-shooter. He begged and hollered, but I kept on shooting until I was satisfied he was dead.

Thus I got my liberty and my pistols. I took an oath right there never to surrender at the muzzle of a gun. I never have done so, either, although I have been forced through main strength to give up several times since.

I went back by way of Marlin, in Falls county, to tell them all goodbye once more. I told my father what I had done and how those three men had arrested me while I was asleep. He said:

"Son, never tell this to a mortal man. I don't believe you, but go to Mexico, and go at once. I will go part of the way with you."

I slept in the cellar that night and stayed in an old outhouse the next day. I started the next night and we went through Waco. This was about the 12th of January, 1871. My father went on with me as far as Belton, and there we parted. I went on through Georgetown, through Austin, and thence through Lockhart to Gonzales. I had some relatives in the latter town and I concluded to stop over and see them. These were the Clements, Jim, Manning, Joe, Gip, Mary Jane and Minerva. The girls were both married, the eldest to Jim Denson, the youngest to Ferd Brown. They lived almost directly on my way from Gonzales to Helena. An old and honored citizen showed me the way to my relatives' home. My guide's name was Jim Cone. I told my relatives I was in trouble and on my way to Mex-

ico. They told me I could go to Kansas with cattle and make some money and at the same time be free from arrest. I therefore concluded to give up my Mexican trip and went to work helping them gather cattle. We gathered mostly for Jake Johnson and Columbus Carol, who were then putting up herds for Kansas. I thus soon got acquainted with the country on the Sandies, on Elm and Rocky, and on the Guadalupe.

I had not been there long before the boys took me to a Mexican camp where they were dealing monte. I soon learned rudiments of the game and began to bet with the rest. Finally I turned a card down and tapped the game. My card came and I said: "Pay the queen." The dealer refused. I struck him over the head with my pistol as he was drawing a knife, shot another as he was also drawing a knife. Well, this broke up the monte game and the casualities were a Mexican with his arm broken, another shot through the lungs and another with a sore head. We all went back to camp and laughed about the matter, but the game broke up for good and the Mexican camp abandoned. The best people of the vicinity said I did a good thing. This was in February, 1871.

When we were gathering cattle for the trail I was in charge of the herd with strict orders to let no one go into the herd. A negro named Bob King came to the herd, rode in and commenced to cut cattle without permission. I rode up and asked by whose permission he was cutting cattle in that herd. He said he did not have permission and asked who was the boss. I said:

"I am the man."

"Well," said he, "I have come to cut this herd."

I told him to keep out of it; "that Clements would be here directly." He rode right into that herd and cut out a big beef steer. So I rode up to him and struck him over the head with my pistol and told him to get out of my herd. Although he had a six-shooter, he did not do anything, but begged my pardon.

About the last of February we got all our cattle branded and started for Abilene, Kansas, about the first of March. Jim Clements and I were to take these 1200 head of cattle up to Abilene and Manning, Gip and Joe Clements were to follow with a herd belonging to Doc Burnett. Jim and I were getting $150 per month.

Nothing of importance happened until we got to Williamson county, where all the hands caught the measles except Jim and myself. We camped about two miles south of Corn Hill and there we rested up and recruited. I spent the time doctoring my sick companions, cooking and branding cattle.

About the fourth day we were there near Barnett Young's (a relative of mine), a big white steer of the neighborhood gave me considerable trouble. I could not keep him out of the herd, so I pulled my 45 and shot him in the eye. That ox gave me no more trouble, but his owner gave me no end of trouble in the courts. I think that ox cost me about $200.

After resting there about ten days all the hands recovered from the measles and the cattle and horses having improved so much in flesh we again started north.

After several weeks of travel we crossed Red River at a point called Red River Station, or Bluff, north of Montague county. We were now in the Indian country and two white men had been killed by Indians about two weeks before we arrived at the town. Of course all the talk was Indians and everybody dreaded them. We were now on what is called the Chisholm trail and game of all kind abounded; buffalo, antelope and other wild animals too numerous to mention. There was a great many cattle driven that year from Texas. The day we crossed Red River about fifteen herds had crossed and of course we intended to keep close together going through the Nation for our mutal protection. The trail was thus one line of cattle and you were never out of sight of a herd. I was just about as much afraid of an Indian as I was a coon. In fact, I was anxious to meet some on the warpath.

There were lots of wolves in that country and I never heard anything like their howling. We killed a beef one night and they made the night hideous. I wanted to capture one, and in the early morning saddled my horse to see if I could not rope or kill one. I struck out from camp and saw a big loafer

about 200 yards away, but I turned Roan loose and pulling my pistol I commenced shooting. My first shot hit him in the hip. I ran on to him and roped him. I pulled him to the camp and shot my rope in two. Mr. Wolf, however, ran the guantlet and escaped. The whole outfit caught the wolf fever, which resulted in tired men and crippled horses. I also killed some antelope, running on them and shooting them from the saddle.

One morning on the South Canadian river I went out turkey hunting and killed as fine a gobbler as I ever saw. I went over to where he fell, picked him up and started for my pony. It was just about daylight, and when I got close to my pony I saw he was snorting and uneasy. I looked in the direction and about twenty yards off I was an Indian in the very act of letting fly an arrow at me, and quick as thought, I drew my pistol and fired at him. The ball hit him squarely in the forehead and he fell dead with a groan. I got away from there with my turkey as quickly as I could, went to camp and we all went to see a dead Indian. The boys wanted to take his bow and arrow as trophies, but I objected. We got a spade and an axe and dug a grave and buried the Indian with his bows and arrows, covering the grave with leaves to hide the spot from other Indians.

These Indians had established a custom of taxing every herd that went through the Nation 10 cents per head. Several other herds joined with us in refusing to pay this, and we never did, though many times it looked like war.

When we were crossing into Kansas, somewhere near Bluff Creek, we were attacked by a band of Osage Indians who would ride into the herd and cut out little bunches of cattle, sometimes as many as fifteen head at one time. It was straight out robbery and I told the hands to kill the first Osage that cut another cow.

One morning these Indians came to our camp while I was away and scared the cook and hands almost to death. They took of everything they wanted to, including a fancy silver bridle of mine. I got back to camp about 10 a. m. and when I found out what had happened you bet I was hot. In a little while about twenty bucks came to the herd, rode in and commenced to cut out cattle. I rode up where they were and saw a big Indian using my fancy silver bridle. I asked him how much would take for it and offered him $5. He grunted an assent and gave me the bridle. When I got it I told him that was my bridle and some one had stolen it from camp that morning. He frowned and grunted and started to get the bridle back, and trying to pull it off my horse. I "jabbed" him with my pistol and when this would not stop him I struck him over the head with it. He fell back and yelled to his companions. This put the devil in them. They came up in a body and demanded cattle again. I told him "no," as I had done before. An Indian rode into the herd and cut out a big steer. I told him to get out of my herd and pulled my pistol to emphasize my remarks. He was armed and drew his, saying that if I did not let him cut the beef out he would kill the animal. I told him that if he killed the animal I would kill him. Well, he killed the beef and I killed him. The other Indians promptly vanished. If they hadn't there would have been more dead Indians around that herd. The beef he had killed lay dead on the trail, so I mounted him by tying the dead Indian on his back and drove on.

When we had crossed into Kansas we felt better and safer. On reaching a place called Cow House, about twenty miles on this side of Wichita, a party of men interested in changing the trail from Wichita came out to the herd and induced us to go to the left of Wichita and cross the river about twelve miles above. They wished us to open this trail, as they were interested in building up a new town on the north bank of the Arkansas river. We followed a plough furrow on this new trail and these men furnished a guide. When we had crossed the river a delegation from the new town came out to meet us and invite all those that could leave the cattle to enjoy the hospitalities of the new town.

About sixty cowboys went to that town and it is needless to say filled up on wine, whiskey, etc., some geting rather full. We all came back to the herd in a little while and started out for Abilent.

We were now on the Newton prairie and my herd was right in front of a herd driven by Mexicans. This Mexican herd kept crowding us so closely that at last it took two or three to keep the Mexican cattle from getting into my herd. The boss Mexican got made at me for holding, as he said, his cattle back. I told him to turn to the outside of the trail, as he did not have to follow me. This made him all the madder. He fell from the front of the herd and quit leading the cattle. The result of this was that on being in front of them they rushed right into my herd, so I turned them off to the left. The boss Mexican rode back to where I was and cursed me in Mexican. He said he would kill me with a sharp shooter as quick as he could get it from the wagon. In about five minutes I saw him coming back with a gun. He rode up to within about 100 yards of me, got down off his horse, took deliberate aim at me and fired. The ball grazed my head, going through my hat and knocking it off. He tried to shoot again, but something got wrong with his gun and he changed it to his left hand and pulled his pistol with his right. He began to advance on me, shooting at the same time. He called up his crowd of six or seven Mexicans. In the meanwhile Jim Clements, hearing that I was in a row had come to my assistance. I was riding a fiery gray horse and the pistol I had was an old cap and ball, which I had worn out shooting on the trail. There was so much play between the cylinder and the barrel that it would burst a cap or fire unless I held the cylinder with one hand and pulled the trigger with the other. I made several unsuccesful atttempts to shoot the advancing Mexican from my horse but failed. I then got down and tried to shoot and hold my horse, but failed in that, too. Jim Clements shouted at me to "turn that horse loose and hold the cylinder.". I did so and fired at the Mexican, who was now only ten paces from me. I hit him in the thigh and stunned him a little. I tried to fire again, but snapped. The Mexican had evidently fired his last load so we both rushed together in a hand to hand fight. The other Mexicans had by this time come close up and were trying to shoot me every chance they got. Jim Clements, seeing I had no show to win, rushed between me and the other Mexicans, and told them not to shoot, but to separate us as we were both drunk and did not know what we were doing. Another Mexican who had not been there at the beginning of the fight then rode up and fired two shots at me, but missed. We covered him with our pistols and he stopped. It was then agreed to stop the fight for a time, so the Mexicans went back to their herd. We were not fixed for that fight but wanted to be for the coming one. I had only an old worn-out cap and ball pistol and Jim Clements could not fight because his pistol was not loaded. This was the real reason we made a truce for the time. Jim and I went straight to camp and loaded two of the best pistols there. while we were doing this a message came from the Mexicans that time was up and that they were coming. We of course sent the messenger back and told the Mexicans to keep off our herd and not to come around; that we did not want any more trouble.

Seven of them gathered on the west side of the herd and seemed to talk matters over. Presently the boss, Hosea, my old foe, with three men, came around to the east side where we were. I changed horses, so I rode to meet him. He fired at me when I was about seventy-five yards away, but missed me. I concluded to charge him and turning my horse loose at him, firing as I rode. The first ball did the work. I shot him through the heart and he fell over the horn of his saddle, pistol in hand and one in scabbard, the blood pouring from his mouth. In an instant I had his horse by the reins and Jim Clements had relieved him of his pistols and Hosea fell dead to the ground. The other Mexicans kept shooting at us, but did not charge. They were in two parties, one about seventy-five yards to the south, the other about 150 yards to the west. We charged the first party and held our fire until we got close to them. They never weakened, but kept shooting at us all the time. When we got right on them and opened up they turned their horses, but we were in the middle of them, dosing them with lead. They wheeled and made a brave stand.

(Continued Next Month.)

Old Rangers Visit Scene of Conflict

Arthur E. Nall, in Houston Chronicle, July 26, 1925

"The old place hasn't changed much. It looks about the same as it did on that day," observed Captain Dan W. Roberts on his first visit to the scene of the famous Deer Creek Indian fight, which took place 50 miles west of Austin over 50 years ago.

Captain Roberts of Austin and John O. Biggs of Silver City, N. M., two of the three men now living who took part in the famous Indian fight in August, 1873, in company with their wives. made their first visit to the scene of the battle recently.

The battle ground is practically unchanged, according to Captain Roberts. With the exception of the Austin-Fredericksburg road, which runs through the center of the field, the scene is just the same as it was 52 years ago when 10 young men from Round Mountain engaged in the fight with a marauding band of Indians. A few of the bushes behind which they hid have since dissappeared. but the two old veterans had little trouble in finding the exact locality of the fight in spite of the fact that they had not seen the place in over 50 years.

The battle was between a posse of citizens of Round Mountain and a band of Indians, which had committed a horrible murder in that neighborhood a few days before. This murder was one of the many which were being perpetrated from day to day along the stretch of lonely, unprotected border, and furnished convincing proof that some sort of police protection was needed. It was mainly responsible for the establishment of the Ranger Battalion in 1874.

Thomas Phelps and his wife, who lived on their ranch near Cypress Creek, some three miles to the south of Round Mountain in Blanco County, were the victims of the Indians. Round Mountain was a small settlement about 50 miles from Austin, where the Indians were carrying on their warfare of robbery, arson and murder. It was only a short distance from the state capital, but nothing had been done about it.

A meeting of the young men of the neighborhood was held at the home of Alexander (Buck) Roberts, and it was agreed that the next time the Indians came they would be followed. A few days later the Indians were reported a few miles north of the settlement and moving south, so a party of six rode out from Round Mountain to find the trail and run them down. In the party were Thomas Bird, Joe Bird, John O. Biggs, Stanton Jolly, George T. Roberts and Captain Dan W. Roberts. Shortly after they struck the trail they were joined by Captain James Ingram, William Ingram, Frank Waldrip and "Cam" Davidson, who brought the force to 10 men. The armament of the squad was very poor, some of the boys having only six-shooters, and the best gun in the outfit was carried by Captain Roberts. It was an old Spencer saddle-gun, which had been in the army service, with a magazine holding seven shells.

After about 15 miles were covered on the trail, an Indian scout was sighted a short distance ahead. He disappeared over a small hill, and knowing that the main band was only a short distance away, the posse moved forward and around the small hill with their horses at a dead run.

As they came within range the Indians opened fire from their position in a shallow ravine to the right of the hill, and the answering volley was fired before the party dismounted. The first volley wounded George Roberts and one of the band was delegated to remove him from the line of fire, leaving only eight to carry on the battle.

While the others held their ground, Captain Roberts edged around to the left and reached the side of the ravine, where he could place the Indians under cross-fire. A number of shots were exchanged, but during a momentary lull in the fighting, Captain Roberts got careless and was wounded in the leg. One of the other boys carried him back out of danger, but he was suffering so much for want of water that the fight was abandoned and he was carried to a nearby ranch house.

Reinforcements were gathered at the ranch and the party returned, hoping to resume the battle, but they found the In-

dians had departed. Four or five of their horses had been left on the battle ground, and a later party reported finding four graves along the trail.

Senator H. C . King paid a visit to Captain Roberts while he was convalescing from his wound, and was so deeply stirred by the report of the fight that he introduced a bill in the legislature then in session providing that a gun be given to each of the men who participated in the fight, as a testimonial of the state's appreciation of the service rendered. The guns presented were 1873 model Winchester rifles and carried a suitably engraved plate on the stock.

Shortly after the Deer Creek battle, a movement was started to organize a frontier police to protect the pioneers from the Indians and desperadoes which had overrun the state, and in May, 1874, Governor Richard Coke recommended to the legislature that a batallion of six full companies of rangers, consisting of 75 men to each company, be raised and equipped and placed on the Texas frontier. The legislature appropriated $75,000 for this purpose, and the Frontier Battalion was organized. Later the force was reduced to 40 men to each company.

An interesting story was told by Captain Roberts of the first fight the rangers had with the Indians after Company D, of which he was in command, was sent into the Fort McCavett district. The Indians had been bothering the people of the district quite a bit, but the soldiers stationed at the fort had done nothing about it. The rangers were sent there by the governor to clear up the trouble.

"We were trailing a band of Indians which had been raiding the ranches around Saline Creek, and the report came in that they were only a short distance ahead. With about eight of the rangers I went on the trail and as we came over a small hill we could see the band of about 12 Indians ahead of us, so we rushed to meet them before they could find cover.

"When the Indian chief saw the rangers, he halted his band and prepared to give battle.

',He drew his men up in military formation," described Captain Roberts. "It was about the prettiest movement I had ever seen made.

"As soon as the rangers got within range the battle was started. The Indian chief singled out Captain Roberts as the leader, and directed his attentions toward him. The two rode toward each other, shooting as they did so, and the chief was the first to draw blood. Captain Roberts' horse was wounded. As soon as he saw what had happened, he jumped to the ground, adopting the Indian tactics of jumping around in a kind of war dance to draw the fire of the other.

The Indian also left his horse and the two advanced toward each other for a hand-to-hand encounter, each jumping from side to side to draw the other's fire. The chieftain fired first, and missed, so Captain Roberts took deliberate aim and dropped him in his tracks.

"I sure was glad to see that Indian fall," said Captain Roberts, in telling of the affair. "For a while I thought he had me sure."

When the other Indians saw the chief fall they were rather disheartened, and retreated without losing any more of their men.

The people of the district were very much alarmed when the battle was reported, as this was the first Indian which had been killed in the district. It was feared that a general uprising would result from the battle, but to their surprise nothing ever came of it. That was the last as well as the first trouble they had with the Indians there.

Murder of the Porter Family.

Mrs. G. A. Stanley of Locker, Texas, sends us the following account of the killing of the Porter family in 1863:

"In 1863 my father, George Moore, and his family lived in Cooke county, but the Indians became so hostile we moved to St. Joe, in Montague county, for protection. St. Joe was about ten miles from our home. On the 10th of October of that year father started to our home place after a load of corn, going in an ox-wagon. He had his saddle pony tied to the rear of the wagon, and his rifle by his side. When he reached a point within two miles of his place, where our nearest neighbor lived, he saw the house was burned down. A man named Porter owned a grist mill

in that community, and father went to that mill, as it was only a short distance away. When he arrived he found the Indians had been there only a little while beffore and had killed old man Porter and his wife, their daughter-in-law and a grown daughter, and hat set the house on fire, tore up the feather beds, and departed, leaving Billy Porter desperately wounded and his little one-year old nephew wounded in the throat. A three-year-old meice was unhurt. When father reached the scene of this horrible tragedy he found this little girl carrying water from a spring to relieve her uncle's sufferings. Billy Porter was wounded fifteen times. At the time of the attack he was hauling rails and when he was pressed closely he left his wagon and crawled under the floor of the house. When the Indians left he came out and rescued two children from the burning building and carried them to the mill. Father put them in his wagon and carried them to St. Joe. The onslaught of the Indians caught the Porters wholly unprepared for an attack and they had no way of defending themselves, the only firearms the family had having been taken away by other menfolks who had gone out on the range to kill a beef. Billy Porter said there was a white man with the band of Indians who made the attack. Billy Porter and the two children stayed with us for quitie awhile, or until they got well.

"My father and mother had many terrible experiences while living on the frontier in those days. I am now seventy-one years of age."

Every old Frontiersman, every old time Texas Ranger, every old Trail Driver, should send us a sketch of his experience for publication in Frontier Times, and in this way help to preserve the history of our great state.

Subscriptions to Frontier Times should be renewed promptly to avoid missing a single issue. In renewing your subscription or changing addressi be sure to give former address.

If you have any old newspaper clippings dealing with Frontier history, send them to Frontier Times.

Tells of Old Trail Days.

C. D. Bowmer, Route 2, Corsicana, Tex.

In 1867 the Rev. Hailey Wright, a Methodist preacher of Williamson County, Texas, made up a herd of stock cattle at Round Rock and drove them to Baxter Springs, Kan. I was one of six who drove the herd through. To the best of my knowledge there are only three of the six now living. They are G. T. Tisdale of Georgetown, O. C. Weaver, Austin, and myself.

We left Round Rock on Sept. 1 and followed the old road, which nearly all the immigrants from the North traveled to Texas, and almost exactly the route along which the M.-K.-T. Railroad later built its line through the then Indian Territory. Nothing unusual happened on this trip. Being late in the year it got pretty cold before we got back home some time in November. At this time the Chisholm trail had not been started and I think no railroads had been constructed further than the eastern part of Kansas. Ours was one of the first herds of cattle ever driven into Kauses from Texas. Mr. Wright put those cattle on a small ranch that he owned near Baxter Springs.

In 1869 Dennis Shudy came to the city of Austin from California. Neil Cain of near Manor made up a herd for Mr. Shudy, and Jack Harris, who, I think, now lives at San Antonio, was trail boss, and a good one. I helped to drive this herd to Abilene, Kan., where we arrived some time in June. Nothing happened out of the usual routine except that Indians bothered us some. This herd was driven over the new Chisholm trail. We crossed Red River at Red River Station or Spanish Fort; the Arkansas at Wichita, Kan. Nothing that has been written about Abilene being a hard town has been exaggerated to the best of my knowledge and information. Mrs. Gore, who was then proprietor of the Drovers' Cottage, was almost a mother to the cowboy. She kept his money for him, nursed him when sick and looked after him like a mother. May peace be to her soul is the prayer of every old trail man now living.—Dallas News, July 17, 1925

Read Frontier Times

Quick Wit Saves Man in Lynching Bee

W. S. Adair, in Dallas News.

"My boyhood days were spent in the most backwoods way possible; that is, in Laurel county, Kentucky," said J. B. Martin, 1921 St. Louis Street, Dallas. "The country was wild and rugged. and the people were not out of keeping with the background. There were no drug stores in that part of the country. The doctors carried the medicines they administered in their saddlebags, and the herb doctors seconded the efforts of the allopaths to keep people in health. My mother, who belonged to the latter school of medicine, gave me my first lessons in botany. She kept me busy ransacking the woods for roots, bark and berries. which by the various processes known to her art she converted into remedies. The home was the sanitarium, and the farm the grocery and dry goods store. It was not often that anybody bought a ham or a sack of flour, and as for wearing apparel, it was all homemade. My father, J. R. Martin, was a country school teacher for fifty years. Many of the noted moonshiners and feudists, who later figured in the newspapers and who are now serving a second term on the movie screen, were his pupils, though they grievously perverted his teaching about shooting straight.

"London, the county seat of Laurel county, is watched over at a distance of three miles by Frazier Knob, the highest elevation of land or rock in Kentucky, and in the edgeof London stood the hunting cabin of Daniel Boone up to twelve years ago, when it was pulled down by the owner of the land to make room for a cabbage patch. For more than 100 years that hut had served to rouse the latent spirit of romance and adventure in the boys of that part of the country, and those of them who further cultivated this spirit by reading 'Wild Western Scenes' and other books setting forth the adventures of the early settlers with the Indians, usually wound up by going West. By the time father had got me ready to enter the college at London I had entirely outgrown school life and was ready for the real thing. The upshot was that when I started for London in company with Hiram Johnson, a neighbor boy, we persuaded each other to run away and come to Texas. Before getting too far from home I want to say that London is and has always been a hightoned town. It was settled by the best people from the colonies of Virginia and the Carolinas, and it must have been the first place in Kentucky to have a school that pretended to teach anything higher than the most elementary grades. The present famous Sue Bennett College there, which is a continuation of the original academy, is consequently one of the oldest institutions of learning west of the Allagheny Mountains. And it might not be out of place to add that London was the first municipality in Kentucky to go dry.

"Without telling our parents goodbye, Hiram Johnson and I set out for Texas. We came by railroad to Sherman where we arrived in February, 1876. I wanted to get away from railroads. which looked too much like civilization. From what I could hear Cooke county would suit me. I fell in with Wilburn Gray, who had two weatherbeaten, storm-torn covered wagons and was in need of a driver for one of them. It was as the driver of one of those wagons I made my way to Marysville, sixteen miles northwest of Gainesville.

"There is nothing like studying nature at first-hand. On the way to Marysville I considerably enlarged my knowledge of metorology. The first blue norther I had ever heard of struck us. It was a clear day and warm enough to make the perspiration sensibly stand out on men and teams. A blue cloud that looked like a small patch of smoke appeared in the northwest. The next moment a fierce wind, keen as zero, struck us. Throughout a night of black darkness the storm raged. We camped in the open and. with no other protection than our wagon sheets afforded, I was enabled to get some first-hand ideas of what real winter is like.

"At Marysville, I found myself looking for a job. J. A. Kipp, a Pennsylvania Dutchman. employed me to grub stumps. But, fortunately for me, Kipp

was an invalid. He could eat nothing but game, and his morbid taste craved a change every day. Discovering that I was a Kentuckian and could shoot a rifle, he proposed that I become his hunter, at the same wages that I was getting for the stump job. Although I did not let on to Kipp, his proposition was just to my hand. It was reducing a romantic ideal to a practical reality. It enabled me to play Daniel Boone and at the same time to draw pay for it. Deer, antelope and turkeys were to be found everywhere, with plenty of ducks and geese at the right time of year, and I had no difficulty in supplying any sort of bizarre bill of fare Kipp's disordered appetitie might fabricate from the materials of the nightmares of which he had been the host the preceding night. I wandered in all directions, not so much in search of game as from a desire to explore the country. Once I got lost and strayed as far as the Arbuckle Mountains in Oklahoma.

"All the northwest was strictly in the rough in those days. Everybody carried a sixshooter or two; bad men and cowboys rode into saloons and shot up the town. A story I heard from one who was present will illustrate the administration of justice on the frontier. Some cowmen caught a man from Arkansas who had killed a yearling in the Arbuckle Mountains. In an old wagon drawn by a pair of crowbait horses this man was moving his wife and stairstep of towheaded children from Arkansas to Western Oklahoma. The family had run out of something to eat, and were experiencing all the miseries of woebegone poverty. In his desperation the man had killed a yearling. The cowmen made ready to hang him. When the leader went to adjust the rope, the man said he wished to make a dying request. He asked to have the noose placed over his head by a man who had himself never stolen a yearling. The leader passed the rope to the next man, and he to the next, and so on down the line. The last man threw the rope down, and as he turned away said, "The scoundrel is not worth hanging!"

"A man was arraigned before a Justice of the Peace in Cooke county on a charge of stealing a hog. The court knew enough law to ask the prisoner if he were guilty or not guilty. He pleaded not guilty, whereupon the court said: 'You are a blank liar,' and rushing upon the fellow slapped his jaws, and clapped a fine of $10 to him. I can give you the names of the cowmen figuring in this lynching, the name of their shifty victim, and the names of the Justice of the Peace and the astonished culprit before him, but there is no sense in parading them at this late day. From what I could gather, the men who took the law into their own hands on the frontier in those days were not much more desirable citizens than their victims they just happened to be in the majority; that was all.

"Leaving Marysville, I drifted south and secured a job as teamster to haul flour and other supplies from Jonesboro, Coryell county, to the Army Posts as far as Fort Griffin and Fort Concho and to bring back buffalo hides. About that time had friends interested themselves in an effort to induce the Government to compensate Rich Coffey, a pioneer cattleman in the far West, for losses resulting from the depredations of the Indians who had stolen 1,500 head of his cattle, several hundred head of his horses, and killed a number of his cowboys, including two of his sons. The Indians had, in fact, about put the old man out of business. But I never heard whether the Government went to his relief. There were, however, conflicting views in reference to the attitude of the Indians toward white settlers. Jack Chestnut, my uncle, a Kentuckian, settled in Burnet county sometime in the '50s. He died and left his widow, Aunt Met Chestnut, in charge of the ranch of 2000 acres. She told me that the Comanches were her sole protection in early days, and that she always felt safe when they were in their camp near her, at the foothills of the Colorado Mountains. To be sure they occasionlly killed a few of her cattle, for pressing needs, but never stole a horse or a cow. Aunt Met, well stricken in years, was still alive when I last heard from her.

"My first visit to Dallas was when I came to hear the evangelists, Moody and Shankey, in 1886. They held their meetings in an abandoned skating rink at Elm and Olive streets. I was living at

Fort Worth at the time, and I could not understand why these evangelists did not hold their revival in the leading town of North Texas. But, on looking Dallas over, I discovered that the half had not been told about it out my way. I moved to Dallas the next year. In 1888 John S. Armstrong, president of the State Fair, employed me as advertising agent. Mr. Armstrong, who was a doer of things, sent me all over the State. I think I visited 234 counties during the summer. The railroad rate to the Fair that year was $5 for the round trip, tickets good for fifteen days, from Galveston, El Paso, Texline and Texarkana; and the attendance broke all records. I have been connected with the State Fair, in one capacity or another, almost since that time, and for twenty-seven years of the time with the art department."

The Packsaddle Mountain Fight

Ben C. Stuart, in Colorado Citizen.

In August 1873, a desperate encounter took place at Packsaddle mountain, Llano county, between eight cowboys and twenty-one Apache Indians. The names of the cowboys were William B. Moss, S. R. Moss and S. B. Moss, three brothers, and Ele Lloyd, Archer Martin, Pickney Ayers, Robert Brown and E. H. Harrington. A party of twenty-one Indians had entered Llano county and established a permanent camp on Packsaddle Mountain, from which they began to make raids upon the adjacent ranches. On the evening of August 9, 1873, a cow came up to the ranch of Mr. Moss with an arrow sticking in her body, the first intimation of the presence of Indians the people had.

The next morning the eight cowboys named above, each armed with a Spencer repeating rifle and a sixshooter, left the ranch in search of the Indians. They soon struck the trail of a large party and followed it to the foot of the mountain. Being confident that the Indian camp would be found on the summit of the mountain they cautiously proceeded until about half way to the top, when they discovered an Indian sentinel seated on a rocky ledge with a small mirrow in one hand while the other was busily engaged in adorning his face with paint. He was so engrossed in making his toilet that he failed to discover the cowboys until they were in a short distance of him when he dropped the glass and paint and with a loud yell dashed away. Following as rapidly as the nature of the ground would permit the cowboys soon came to a small plateau at one end of which was the Indian camp and at the other the horses staked out to graze. The punchers dashed in between the encampment and the horses and dismounting made ready for battle. The Indians seized their guns and after firing a volley at the boys, rushed upon them in a body to drive them from their position and regain possession of their horses. Four of the boys were wounded at the first fire, three of them so badly they were unable to fight, leaving only five to contend against twenty-one Indians. But as the Indians came to close quarters, the cowboys poured such a continuous and deadly fire upon them from Spencer rifles and revolvers that the savages faltered and finally fell back to their position at their encampment. They however quickly formed again and charged the cowboys with the determination of driving them from their position at all hazards, but the Texans stood their ground, and a desperate and almost hand to hand conflict ensued, the Indians again being repulsed. After the repeated charges, which were repulsed, the Indians finally retired into some thick undergrowth in the rear of their encampment, and being entirely screened from view of the cowboys supposing they had given up the fight, laid aside their guns and turned their attention to their wounded comrades.

In the account of the battle furnished by an old frontiersman and printed in Wilbarger's book, he says: "While thus engaged, the Indians headed by their indomitable young chief who had made himself so conspicious in the fight by his daring, emerged from the thicket, appar

ently with the intention of making another charge upon the Texans. The latter quickly sprang to their guns, and quietly awaited the onset. But when the Indians saw the boys were ready to give them the same reception they had met with in their previous charges, they advanced but a few paces beyond the thicket and came to a halt. The young chief then turned and made a harangue, but it was of no avail. The sight of the cowboys and their Spencer rifles leveled toward them was too much, and they refused to advance. At length, finding he could not induce his men to make another charge upon the Texans, he waved them back contemptuously with a hand and turning deliberately advanced solitary and alone toward them. He had a Winchester would stop and fire upon the cowboys. In this way he continued to advance rifle in his hand, and every few paces he until he was within a few yards of the place where the boys were stationed, when he fell dead pierced by half dozen bullets. As soon as he fell his men retreated into the thicket, carrying with them in blankets several of their dead and wounded. The chief and two others were left dead on the ground. The Indians lost everything they had but the arms the survivors carried off with them. The boys got all their horses, among them some very valuable ones, a large lot of robes, some fine Navajo blankets, silver mounted saddles, Winchester and Henry rifles and revolvers and camp equipments. Among the saddles was one marked with the name of the maker, and 'Tucson Arizona.' This was the last raid they ever made in Llano county.

Tells of 1875 Coast Storm.

W. H. Meddick, Davidson, Ok.

I was on the Matagorda Peninsula in the fall of 1875 when they had that bad storm. I was at Billit Mitchell's. He and his family, consisting of himself, his wife and two little twin boys about 18 months old, were lost. Also George Jacobs, his brother-in-law. A young lady by name of Lizzie Rasey and myself stayed with the house until it commenced going to pieces, when we left it. We soon got separated. I had one of the little boys but he got strangled. At first he seemed to get over it and he put his little arms around my neck, but in a moment we got into water over my head. I was holding the little fellow by the ankle when I became strangled and had to let the baby go. Soon after I came to the top a log came along. I got on the log and stayed there about twenty-three hours. Finally the northwest storm that came up about a day or a little later, took me back seven miles east from where I started. I landed at the Billy Brown place, down on the penninsula. There I skinned a cow and wrapped the hide around my body to protect me from the chilly wind.

I wished to ask if any others are yet living who were in that storm and saw the place where I wrapped myself up in the cowhide? If so, please drop me a few lines to that effect. Surely some are living who saw me in my fresh cow skin robe. I am past 79 years and still able to ride the cultivator all day.

Tell your friends about Frontier Times.

Early Days Were Thrilling

In the Brownwood section are many pioneer citizens who remember many thrilling events in the settlement of this territory in the early days when the Indians and buffaloes roamer the prairie and along the streams. Some experiences in this section were told to a Dallas reporter by J. R. Iroin, who made a trip to Brownwood when traveling in this section was dangerous. He said:

"I went with a party of engineers to locate lands in the West in 1876. Fort Worth was then the terminus of the Texas and Pacific Railroad. There were few farmers as far out as Comanche and Abilene, though there was a vast extent of unoccupied territory on this side of those settlements. The region west of the Colorado River was still roamed by the Indians and buffaloes with here and

there a cattleman with a precarious hold for the buffaloes crowded cattle off the range, and the Indians preferred the more savory beef to the coarse fibered buffalo meat. Cattlemen and settlers generally wished to make the West safe or the white man. It was said that so long as there were buffaloes there would be Indians. That was the text and the justification for what might be termed the crusade against the buffalo. Cattlemen wanted free grass and men everywhere wanted the thrill of hunting big game. The slaughter was on a vast scale. We found the carcasses of buffaloes every where. Of the immense army of hunters enough to make merchandise of buffalo robes, and the profits of these must have been small, since the hides brought only 75c a piece delivered at the distant trading points.

"Brownwood was the last settlement out that way. Beyond there were supposed to be no white people this side of the army post at San Angelo. Our party crossed the Concho River where it flows into the Colorado. There we found Rich Coffey, a pioneer, one of those who show the way into the wilderness. He facetiously told us that between that point and the Rio Grande we wanted to look out for his wife's kinsfolk. From day to day we saw Indians in the distant and at night we saw the glow of their camp fires. We had little fear that they would attack us, but very much that they might get our horses which we were obliged to stake on to eat mesquite grass since we had no other feed for them. After we had cooked and eaten supper we always left the fire and traveled five or ten miles before we stopped for the night. Hobbling our horse and using our saddles for pillows we lay down to sleep with winchester and revolvers at hand. Horses, it seems, have a terror of Indians which, provided the wind be in the right quarter, they can always scent in time to give the alarm. Several times our horses roused us by their neighing and trampling, and came meeting us with all the speed their fettered feet would admit, but, of course we could see no Indians. Besides the buffaloes, there were wild horses and no end of antelopes in the west. Antelopes are the shyest and the swiftest of quadrupeds—they burn the wind as they go. But they have a development of curiosity that is their undoing. If the concealed hunter could once attract the attention of an antelope by shaking a handkerchief or any other article or object above the grass that antelope was as good as his, for it approaches as if fasinated to investigate.

"We saw many herds of wild horses. One herd in particular impressed me. It had for three days been fleeing from a party of hunters, who were trying to drive it into a mountain pass and thus to secure it. This herd was directed by one of the most beautiful stallions I have ever seen. It is the nature of the male wild horse to attempt to incorporate into his own herd all the horses he comes across. True to his nature, this stallion again and again circled our party, plainly with a view of appropriating our bunch of horses. He had a magnificient spread of mane and tail, and his performance was grace itself. Beyond the Colorado we came upon the remains of two or three settlements that had been broken up by the Comanches. A long abandoned cabin appeared in one place; farther on, the ashes and charred timbers of a more recent one, with vegetables growing in a garden hard by, from which we gathered beans and peas and cooked them in our teakettle.

"We did not go as far as the Rio Grande, but turned north, and crossing the Plains, returned by the way of Fort Worth. The far flung, fenceless Plains were peopled by mile deep herds of buffaloes, harassed by hunters who were shooting them down by the thousand. Higher up the land scape, broken by mountains or great hills, gave one at first hand that impression of solitude which the lay reader encounters in one of J. Fenimore Cooper's tales. The "Spell of the Sleeping Beauty" seemed to be on the land. Long trains of wagons piled up with buffalo hides, animated the train from the remotest outposts to Fort Worth, Sherman and Dallas. Still only a small per cent were skinned.

"The Life of John Wesley Hardin," now being published serially in Frontier Times, will be published in pamphlet form in November, and will be sold for $1.00 per copy.

The Adventures of Jack Dobell

From "Early Times in Te xas," By J. C. Duval.

(CONCLUDED.)

I rose early next morning to prepare as much provision for the road as I could conveniently carry. I cooked the duck and one of the pullets I had killed the day before (Scout and I had demolished the other for breakfast)' and ground a gallon or so of meal on a steel mill. Besides these, my supplies consisted of five or six pounds of bacon, several pounds of sugar, two pounds of coffee parched and ground, some salt and pepper, and two bottles of honey. This, I thought, with care would last us eight or ten days, even if we found nothing on the road. I also had a tin cup for making coffee, and of course my two carving knives which I sharpened on a whetstone were as keen as razors. For these I had made scabbards out of a piece of leather and sewed them to my belt. When ready to start I scribbled with a bit of charcoal the following "due bill" upon the wall of my sleeping apartment: "— an American captured by the Mexicans but escaping from them at Goliad, is indebted to the proprietor of this house for one week's board and lodging and some extras, and will pay the same on demand." The extras referred to consisted of articles of clothing, pipe and tobacco, etc. This note has never been presented for payment, and I suppose it is barred now by the statute of limitation—nevertheless, I would cheerfully pay the principal now —but not the interest. for that would put the amount far above my present assets, and I should be compelled to take the benefit of the Bankrupt Act. Having thus settled my board bill on such easy terms, I shouldered my knapsack, stuck my carving knives into my belt, and followed by Scout, I took my way towards the road I had found the evening before.

Just as I entered the brake, I turned to take a last look at the house that had been a haven of rest to me after my wanderings in the wilderness, and I experienced a feeling of regret when I thought that in all probability I should never see it again. There I had truly been "the monarch of all I surveyed." I could loll upon the sofas—tumble up the beds— wipe the mud from my boots on the rugs and carpets—smoke tobacco (by no means the best quality) in the drawing room—select my own "menu" from the well stored pantry and the poultry in the yard—and there was none to say me nay. Even now I look back with pleasant recollections to my sojourn in those comfortable quarters, for it was the only time I ever had complete and undisputed control of such an establishment. "Peace to its ashes" if, as is highly probable, it was subsequently burned by the Mexicans.

At that day as I have before stated, nearly the whole of the bottoms on old Caney was covered by an unbroken canebrake sixty or seventy miles long and from three to five in width. This I had from others who were settlers in that portion of the country at an early day, and the statement is probably correct. The soil of this brake is exceedingly fertile, and the time will come no doubt, when it will be converted into one continuous sugar and cotton plantation. At the points where I saw it, it was a dense mass of cane, briers and vines, with here and there a scattering tree growing in their midst. Bears, panthers, wild hogs and other "varmints" were very numerous in it and along its borders.

About half a mile below the place where I came out into the open prairie, I saw a house near the bottom, and as I had made it a rule to search everyone I passed for guns and ammunition, I started with that intention towards the one in question. I kept well under the shelter of some timber bordering the brake, to screen myself from the view of any one who might be about the premises. In this timber I struck a plain trail leading towards the house, which I took. I followed it perhaps a hundred yards or so, when as I turned a short bend in the path, I caught sight of a Mexican soldier, with his gun on his shoulder, walking rapidly towards me. Luckily a dense growth of bushes bor-

dered the path at the point where I then was, and although I had but little hope the Mexican had not seen me, I instantly sprang into the bushes and laid down among them. Scout, who evidently had not forgotten the choking I gave him on a previous occasion, quickly followed me, and took his station by my side. It seems, however, the Mexican did notice us for he came on, and passed within six feet of us without halting. I could almost have touched him with my longest carving knife, and if he had been a little weakly chap I think I would have been tempted to spring suddenly upon him as he passed and give him a tussle for his gun, but he was a big strapping fellow, and I knew I would have no chance of coming off winner in a hand to hand encounter with him, even if I had not been hampered with a heavy knapsack, and other "impedimenta." I concluded therefore that "discretion was the better part of valor," and did not move until he was hidden from my view by a turn of the path.

As it was evident he came from the house I had seen, and as I thought it highly probable there were "more of the same sort" there, I gave up the idea of searching it for guns, for fear I might find more of them there than was desirable; so I gave it a wide berth, and striking off through the woods to the right I came out again to the prairie two or three miles below.

The day was cloudy and dark, and I couldn't see the timber on the opposite side; consequently I could form no idea of its extent. Besides (having made a late start on account of being delayed in preparing provisions for the road), the sun was by this time getting pretty low, and I thought it best to encamp for the night and start anew in the morning.

In a little open space just within the brake, separated from the prairie by a very narrow strip of cane I pitched my camp; in other words, I pulled off my knapsack, and stretched myself upon a bed of dry grass which I had cut with a knife. It was too early to cook supper, and as I had no dread of wild beasts till dark, I did not start a fire, and very fortunate it was for me I had not done so. I was just falling into a doze, when Scout gave a low growl and at the same moment I heard the tramping of horses' hoofs. I looked through an opening in the strip of cane between me and the prairie and saw five or six Indians who were driving a number of horses, coming along the edge of the brake. Just as they were opposite to the spot where Scout and I were lying, two of the horses broke away from the "caballada," ran through the strip of cane and nearly over us. One of the Indians started after them, and was crossing the strip of cane, when the two runaways seeing Scout and I lying upon the ground, suddenly wheeled and ran back to the prairie, and the Indian turned also and followed them. If he had come six feet further he must inevitably have seen us. As it was he did not discover us, and the Indians and their drove of horses soon passed out of sight.

These two "close calls" both occurring the same day, convinced me that I had but little chance to make my way safely through a country swarming with roving bands of Mexicans and Indians; and yet, although I passed their recent encampments at several places, I never saw an Indian afterwards, nor a Mexican, except some squads of cavalry a long way off on the prairie.

During the night I heard bears crashing through the cane, and splashing in the water of the pool near which I was encamped. The number of bears at that day on old Caney was so great I cannot imagine how the settlers there managed to raise hogs unless they kept them constantly penned up. The next morning I saw many of their tracks on the edge of the pool, where they had been digging up some kind of plant with a bulbous root.

The next morning as I had eaten breakfast and Scout had "cleaned up" the fragments, I set off towards a long line of timber that was just barely visible on the farther side of the prairie. Not a great while after I had started I noticed a long way off to the west, a column of smoke rising up, which I supposed indicated an encampment of Mexicans or Indians in that quarter. When I had traveled perhaps three or four miles, I observed that this smoke was increasing rapidly in volume and extent, and that it appeared to be ap-

proaching the direction I was going. Then, for the first time it occurred to me that the prairie was on fire, and I began to be seriously apprehensive that the fire might overtake me before I could reach the timber. The grass of the last season's growth was from fifteen to eighteen inches in height, and as dry as tinder, and it seemed very probable, with the stiff breeze blowing at the time, the fire would overtake me before I had gone two miles further, I was convinced that escape by flight was impossible. I had heard old frontiersmen say, that the only thing to be done in a case of this kind, was to "fight fire with fire." I took my flint and steel from my pocket, ignited some tinder which I wrapped in a wisp of dry grass, and swinging it quickly backwards and forwards in my hand, it was soon in a blaze. With this I set fire to the grass ahead of me, and in a few moments I had the satisfaction of seeing my counter fire sweeping the grass that grew in the direction I was going.

By this time the wall of fire extending in a long line across the prairie behind me, was swiftly moving towards me. Already I could see bright tongues of flame flashing out at intervals through the dense column of smoke, and a dull continuous roar, like the distant beating of surf on a rock bound shore, was distinctly audible. Hundreds of deer, antelope and other animals came scampering by me in the wildest terror, and numerous vultures and hawks were seen hovering over the smoke, and occasionally pouncing down upon rabbits and other small animals, roused from their lair by the advancing flames. The nearer it came the faster it seemed to come, and I could see blazing tufts of grass borne along by the wind setting fire to the prairie sometimes fifty or a hundred yards ahead of the main fire. But by the time it had reached the place where I had set my counter fire going, the grass for several hundred yards was burnt off, and of course the fire was arrested there for want of fuel. I had nothing to do but follow the track of the fire I had started, which cleared the way before me as I went, and rendered walking much less fatiguing than it otherwise would have been—verifying the truth of the old saying "that it is an ill wind that blows no good."

In about two hours after I had set my counter fire going, I came to the outskirts of the timber for which I had been steering, and through which I continued my course until I was stopped by a deep bayou. On the bank of this bayou, in a little open space not twenty feet square, I pitched my camp, and from the fallen trees around I collected fuel enough to keep my fire going all night. There I soon prepared a meal from the provisions I had in my knapsack, to which I and Scout did ample justice as we had not tasted food since early in the morning. As it was still several hours till night, I employed myself in reparing my dilapidated wardrobe with a needle and some thread I had found in my house on Old Caney.

Nothing occurred to disturb my slumbers during the night. The next morning after breakfast I shouldered my knapsack and started again. The bayou on which I had camped, though the current was very strong, looked so narrow I thought I could easily swim it without taking off my knapsack; so I plunged in at once, but unfortunately when I had about reached the middle of the stream, one of the straps that held it in position gave way, and in an instant the rapid current twisted it around my neck, and I went down with it like a stone to the bottom. I exerted myself to the utmost to free myself from it without success, until I thought of my carving knives. With great difficulty I drew one of them from the scabbard (it seemed to me that everything about me was tangled up) and cut the strap that fastened the knapsack around my neck. The moment I was freed from it I rose to the surface, puffing and blowing like a porpoise, and half strangled with the water I had swallowed much against my will, for I was not in the least thirsty. Scout having no knapsack to encumber him, had already reached the opposite shore, and was running up and down the bank, whining most dolorously, and showing plainly his anxious concern for my safety. I quickly gained the shore myself after coming to the surface, but alas! I was compelled to leave my precious knapsack which contained our whole supply of provisions, at the bot-

tom of the bayou. However, I was very glad to get out of the scrape as well as I had done.

The first thing I did after reaching the shore, was to examine the condition of my tinder, and I was glad to find that but little water had penetrated the greased cloth in which it was wrapped. I took it out and spread it in the sunshine, so that what little moisture it had imbibed might evaporate. If I had lost my tinder as well as my provisions, I would have been in a truly pitiable condition.

When I had partially dried my clothes, I set out again in my usual direction, which led me for some distance through a thick growth of underbrush, from which I finally emerged into open post oak woods. I went on through these until nearly sunset, when the howling of wolves warned me that it was time to select a suitable place to encamp. I chose a spot in a thick grove on the margin of a pond. There I started a fire, and as I had to go to bed supperless, I determined that at any rate my bed should be a good one. With one of my carving knives I cut a quantity of long dry grass, which I spread before the fire, on which I and Scout after the mishaps and fatigues of the day slept soundly till morning.

As soon as it was daylight, as I had no breakfast to cook and eat, I was on my way again, and in a little while I came to a prairie. After traveling a while longer, I saw some distance ahead of me a grove, and still further on a forest was dimly visible. To this forest I steered my course, guided by the intervening grove. I saw several squads of Mexican cavalry on the way, but they did not come near me, and I avoided observation simply by lying down on the ground, until they had passed by. But what astonished me much was, that these squads were all traveling in a disorderly manner towards the west. It soon occurred to me, however, that the Mexican army must have met somewhere with a signal defeat, and that those I saw were straggling detachments from their routed forces. I have no doubt this supposition was correct, for the battle of San Jacinto, in which Santa Anna was taken prisoner, was fought and won by the Texans under Gen Houston, a few days previously.

About noon, I came to the grove that had served me as a landmark to guide me on my course, and feeling somewhat fatigued, I laid down just outside of it to rest a while.

Continuing my course, about sun set I came to a deep and rapid stream, which I know now was the San Bernard, and I encamped for the night on the bank. By this time I was suffering much from hunger, but there was nothing in camp to eat, and I and Scout were compelled to satisfy the cravings of our appetites as well as we could, by going to sleep. The poet calls sleep "tired nature's sweet restorer," and under ordinary circumstances, no doubt there is some truth as well as poetry in the saying, but when a fellow has had nothing to eat for several days, and his bed is the naked ground, sleep as a restorer isn't a marked success—at least I was just as tired and hungry when I woke up the next morning as I was when I laid down. However, I was in hopes that I might find a settlement on the other side of the river where something to eat could be had, and without any preparation except simply tying my cap on my head securely to keep my precious tinder from getting wet, I plunged into the turbid stream closely followed by Scout. The water was very cold, but I soon crossed over and ascended the bank that rose up almost perpendicularly thirty or forty feet on that side of the stream.

When I got to the top of the bluff, I discovered a house a few hundred yards above me, to which I turned my course. As it was all open prairie on that side of the river except a few scattering groves, I had a good chance to reconnoitre the premises before approaching them, and seeing nothing to indicate that the house was occupied, I went up. It proved to be a single log cabin, in rather a dilapidated condition, and had been ransacked by some plundering party of Mexicans who had taken or destroyed any provisions that might have been there, except a handful of corn I found in a barrel. As I was thoroughly chilled after swimming the river, I concluded I would build a fire in the chimney for the double purpose of drying my clothes and parching the corn I had found.

There was but one door and one window to the cabin, both on the same side, and while I was busily engaged in parching corn, my attention was drawn to a grating sound in the direction of the window, and turning to look, I saw the muzzle of a gun protruding through it. But Scout had noticed it, too, and giving a savage growl, he sprang at one bound through the window, and at the same instant almost I heard some one rip out an oath in good, King's English, and exclaiming "come take your dog off," in such choking accents as convinced me there was urgent need of haste. I ran out immediately, and with some difficulty forced Scout to let go the grip he had taken upon a thick woolen comforter, which fortunately for him, my visitor had wrapped around his neck.

After he had somewhat recovered from the surprise and alarm into which the unexpected onset of Scout had thrown him, he asked me where I was from, and how I came to be out there all alone among the Mexicans and Indians. When I had satisfied him on this point, he told me that he and a Capt. D— were out on a spying expedition, and seeing a smoke coming out of the cabin chimney where I was carrying on my culinary operations, they had come to the conclusion that a party of Mexicans had halted there. After a consulation as to the best mode of proceeding, it was determined that Capt. D— should remain with the horses under cover of a grove a few hundred yards from the cabin, whilst his companion, Mr. H—, should cautiously approach it on foot, and ascertain the strength of the party within. If too strong for them to contend with, he was to fire upon them through the door or window and then make his retreat as fast as possible to the grove where he had left Capt. D— and the horses. But in arranging this program, they did not consult Scout, who revenged himself in the manner I have stated. After giving this information and telling me that the Texans had whipped the Mexicans at San Jacinto, etc., Mr. H—— gave a whoop (the preconcerted signal for Capt. D—— to come on), and in a few moments he rode up, leading H—'s horse and another one, which to my great satisfaction I found was well packed with provisions. As I have stated, I already had a fire under way, and in a little while a pot of coffee was simmering on it, and a haversack of eatables, biscuits, potatoes, cold ham, etc. was spread upon the floor. Those biscuits! I shall never forget them! None of your little thin flimsy affairs, such as are usually seen on fashionable tables, but good solid fat fellows, each as big as a saucer, and with dark colored spots in the center, where the "shortening" had settled in the process of baking.

When the coffee was ready I was invited to "pitch in," which I did promptly and without any pressing, after casting a contemptuous look towards the little pile of parched corn on the hearth, which I had previously prepared for my breakfast.

As well as I remember, I think I was dealing with my fifth biscuit, and was looking longingly toward the sixth when Capt. D— mildly suggested that in his opinion I had better "knock off" for a while for fear of consequences. To this I made no reply except to seize the sixth biscuit, and while I was disposing of that, Capt. D— expeditiously cleared the board, and deposited the remainder of the provisions in the haversack. We then mounted the horses (the pack animal having been turned over to me) and in a day or so we reached the Brazos, where a portion of the Texas army was encamped.

I have nothing further to add, except that when I left for the "States" a month or so subsequently, finding it impossible, owing to the crowded condition of the schooner in which I sailed to take Scout with me, I gave him to my friend H——, who promised me he should be well taken care of. Many years afterwards I met with H—— at Austin, and he told me that Scout lived to a good old age, and died the respected progenitor of a breed of dogs that were highly prized for their valuable qualities.

(THE END.)

Heel Fly Time in Texas

We have a few copies of the pamphlet, "Heel Fly Time in Texas," left on hand, which we will send postpaid for 25 cents. A thrilling story of the Civil War period, true in every detail, and full of human interest. Order today from Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

some of the children went home with me. When we woke Mother you should have heard her shouting for joy over the return of her lost boy.

I have driven cattle on the trail from Texas, Old Mexico and Arizona. I went up the trail first in 1873, and from then on until 1890, then I quit. I was born March 1, 1854, in Leon county, Texas, and moved to DeWitt county in 1861. You can just guess my age.

Rode Camels to a Campmeeting

Rev. H. G. Horton, Bishop, Texas.

I have been in Texas as a preacher since 1858, the year of the organization of the old Rio Grande Conference. In 1859 I was on the Uvalde mission, and O. B. Adams was on the Center Point Circuit. It may not have gone by that name that year. Jasper K. Harper was on the Medina Circuit. O. B. Adams' work included Camp Verde and Turkey Creek. Adams arranged a campmeeting on Turkey Creek, close to Camp Verde and visiting preachers were John Wesley DeVilbiss, Jasper K. Harper and H. G. Horton. Harper and I met at Castroville and passed on up to the camp ground and through the noted Bandera Pass, where Col. Jack Hays had had a desperate fight with Indians in 1840. Night overtook us as we reached the lower end of the Pass. We found a family there living in a rough log cabin, and Harper asked them if we could get a bite to eat, and be permitted to sleep on the front porch. Permission was readily granted. Harper was very zealous religiously and asked the old man of the home if we could hold family prayers. The old Texan told him that Bandera Pass was not a very good place to close your eyes and go to prayers, "But," said the old veteran, "you and the children can pray while I stand at the door and keep my eyes skinned for Indians, for it's the light of the moon and our red brother generally passes along here about this time."

In safety we went on up to the camp ground next morning. Sunday came on and John W. DeVilbiss, our most lively preacher, held forth under an arbor on Turkey Creek. If your readers do not remember to the contrary, they have not forgotten the historic fact that Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War, had brought over from Egypt a whole lot of camels and put them under care of soldiers and officers for training as future burden bearers to carry government supplies across the arid plains of Arizona and New Mexico. There were no railroads in Texas at that time, and autos had not been dreamed of. These camels were being trained, and the officers' wives could ride them easily. A campmeeting, away out there in the woods, was a novelty. DeVilbiss was picking out his hymn to commence on that beautiful Sunday morning, when the congregation suddenly saw six camels coming right up the dim path to the arbor, and on the back of each camel sat a woman and two or three children. The whole crowd arose and hurried out to meet them. We helped them all down and the drivers hitched the camels close around, and there they stood during services and listened to DeVilbiss preach as solemnly as though the day of judgment was at hand. The women and children remained and took dinner with us, then sang some hymns for us before they mounted their camels and returned to Camp Verde.

One time, as I was coming east through a strip of woods just west of Castroville, I met fifty of those camels passing on up towards New Mexico, loaded with government supplies. My horse was so badly scared he tried his best to climb a tree.

I expect everybody who was at the campmeeting above mentioned is now dead, except old man V. M. West of San Antonio and myself. The last of those camels died ten years ago.

"The Life of John Wesley Hardin," now being published serially in Frontier Times, will be published in pamphlet form in November, and will be sold for $1.00 per copy.

Roughing It on the Cattle Range

Samuel A. Hunter, London, Texas.

On December 23rd, 1862, I was with a cow outfit which nooned at San Pedro Springs, now in the very heart of San Antonio. We moved on to Uvalde county, and stopped on a little creek west of Sabinal Creek, which I think was called Blanco. After we were there only a few days all of the men had to go into the army, leaving only John T. Fleming and myself with the herd, numbering about 1,000 head of cattle. We were short on supplies, too, and for at least two months our rations consisted of only beef or venison and honey, with no bread. At that time that region was very thinly settled, and Indians would come in on their raids about twice a month, during the light moon, but we soon learned when to expect them, and were on guard. We moved our bedding to a cave on the creek, where we found concealment and were quite safe. We remained there from January 1863, until February, 1864. "Butch" Dillard, who lived several miles below our camp, came up and advised us to go home, which was eight miles southwest of Clinton, on Coletto Creek. He let us have a small wagon in which to make the trip. We turned several yoke of oxen and a large wagon over to him until O. D. Fleming came home from the army, and we took the small wagon and one yoke of oxen and started for home, about one hundred and fifty miles distant. I had a good pony of my own, and John (Pood) Fleming had a pony also. While one of us drove the wagon the other would ride on horseback and lead the other horse, keeping ahead of the wagon to watch for Indians. Each of us had a Colt's pistol and we knew how to use them. We followed the same road over which we had brought the cattle, and when we reached Leon Creek about dark we camped there for the night on the west bank. During the night a howling blizzard came up, and as we were thinly clad, having started out from home with only enough clothing to do us about six weeks, we were in a sad plight. Next morning John volunteered to take the wagon and go up the creek where it was not boggy and cross it. When I saw he had made the crossing all right, I crossed near camp and rode about 300 yards when I heard somebody shout behind, and looking back I saw Jim Prather, a young man who had gone out with us when we started with the cattle. He had been in the army, and when he found us that morning he was still riding the same old paint horse, which we called Old Painter. When he crossed the Leon through the ice and mud Old Paint became so chilled we had to leave him there to die.

Later our boss, O. D. Fleming, who had come home on a furlough, came to our camp in the night to warm, and when he found who we were he was greatly surprised. He remained with us that night, and early the next morning left us, saying he would go on ahead and try to buy some clothing and boots for us in San Antonio, and if he could not get the clothing there he would go on home and have his wife to make the clothing by the time we reached there. When we reached Lavernia we stopped to noon under some hackberry trees and Jim Prather was to cook dinner while we fed the oxen on prickly pear. A negro came along with a load of corn and Jim gave him five dollars for a half bushel of it, so we had parched corn for dinner. From there it took us five days to reach home. Prather quit us before we reached Yorktown, and carried his saddle on his back about ten miles. When we got in sight of Yorktown John Fleming said we could go to his home by midnight, and this we did. When we neared his home he gave a yell or two and it was not long until his sisters came to meet us, bringing us each a good pair of jeans pants to put on before we got to the house. It was then near midnight. Miss Martha Fleming, John's sister, unhitched the oxen and unyoked them, as she well knew them. Their names were Buck and Stout. We then went to the house and to supper. And such a wonderful supper it was! Biscuits and pork, the first we had had in over a year. My mother lived about a mile from there, and just before day

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This number completes Volume 2 of Frontier Times. In other words this little magazine is now two years old. It's a healthy youngster, and growing in grace and gratitude every day. We had planned to make some changes in the typographical appearance of Frontier Times, beginning with Volume 3, but we have decided to retain its dress, for the present at least. We have received so many letters from friends urging that no radical change be made that we will continue to use the same cover design and paper in order to give our magazine the appearance of a publication printed forty or fifty years ago. However, we expect to increase the number of pages, each number, to forty-eight instead of thirty-two.

Next month Frontier Times enters upon its third volume. About three hundred subscriptions expire with this number. If you are one of the three hundred we hope you will renew your subscription at once to avoid missing a single number. We are proud of our loyal friends, and we want to keep them all by giving a readable, interesting magazine every issue. We set out to make a success of Frontier Times. Previous attempts to publish a magazine devoted to frontier history have met with failure, but this little magazine is now on the high road to success, due solely to the fact that we have eliminated most of the overhead expense by the editor doing all of the mechanical work himself. We have not yet solicited advertising for Frontier Times, but we expect to carry a select line of advertising before a great while, on the cover pages only. Our only source of revenue which keeps the magazine going is our subscription list; therefore we hope renewals will be made promptly.

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